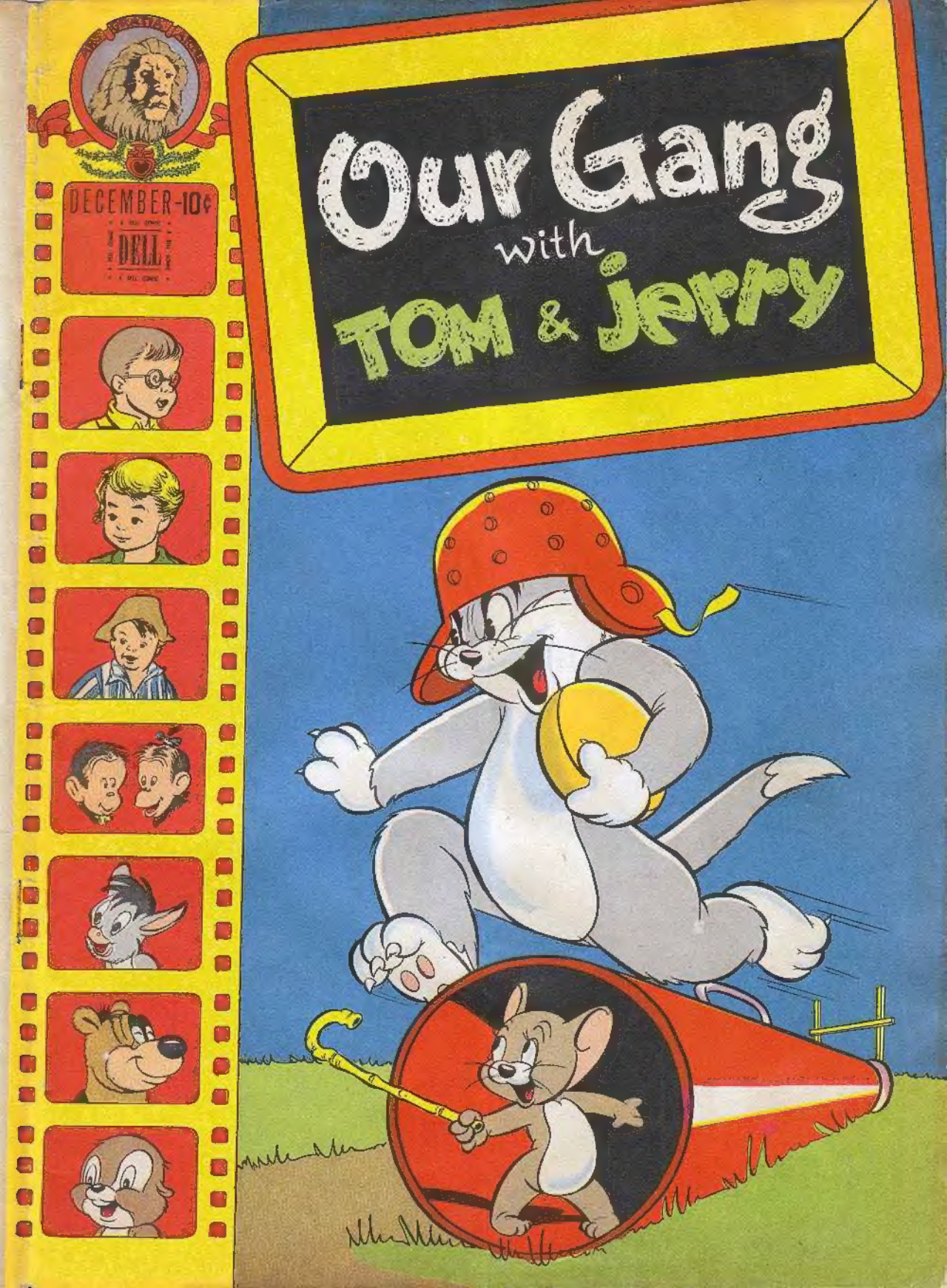
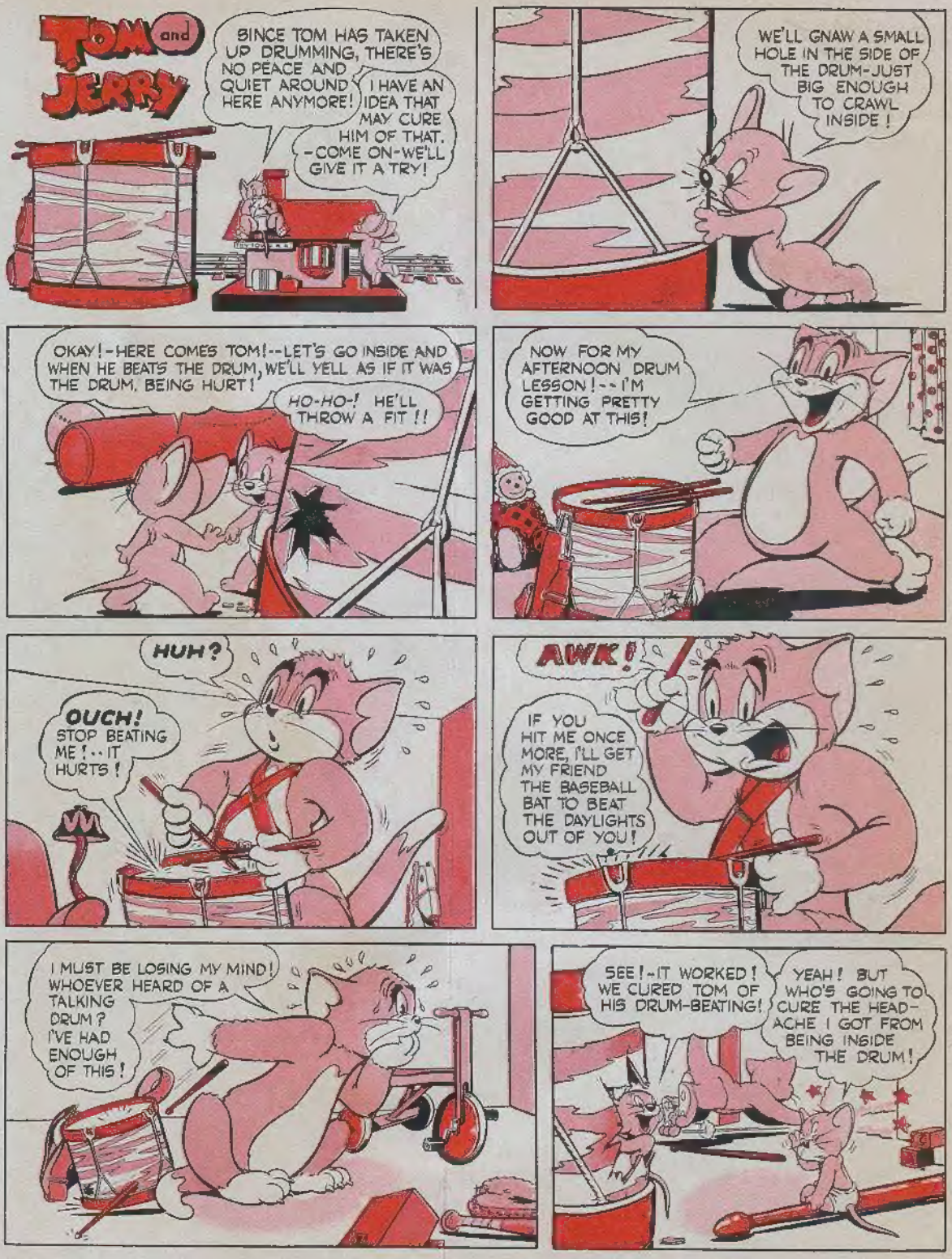

DECEMBER-10¢
DELL
Our Gang
with
TOM & Jerry



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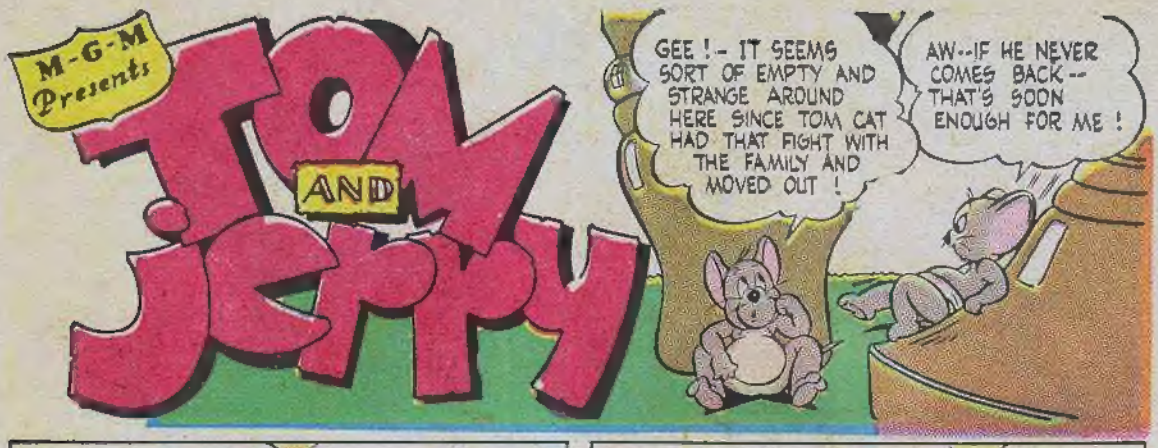
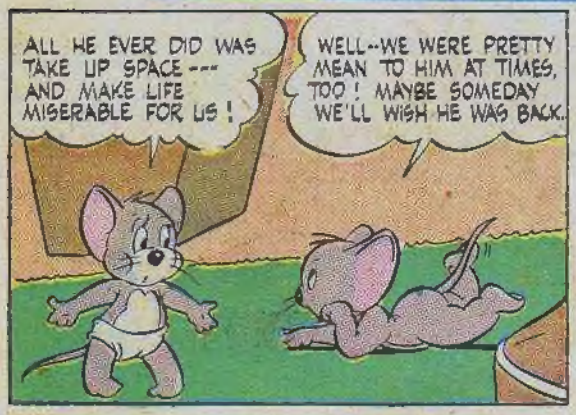
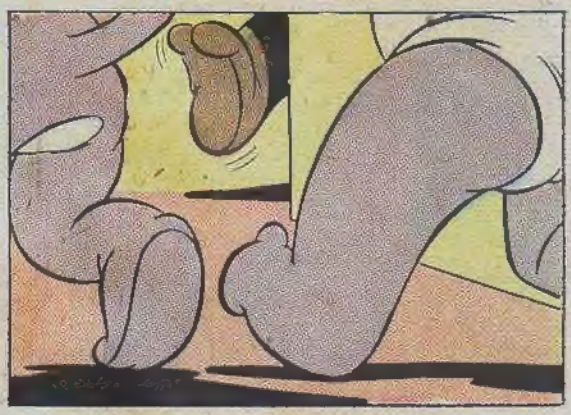
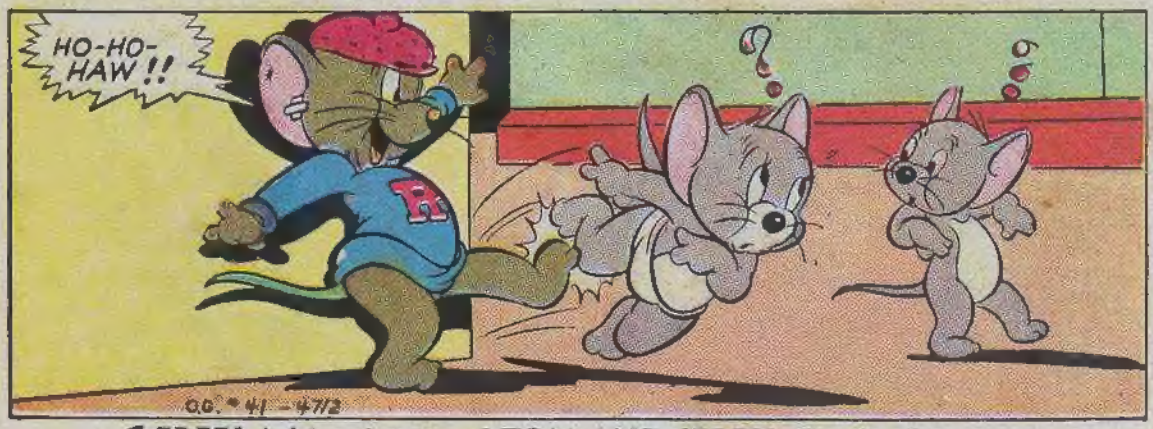


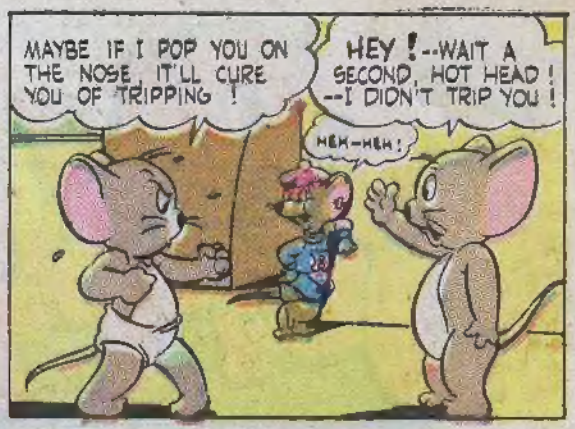




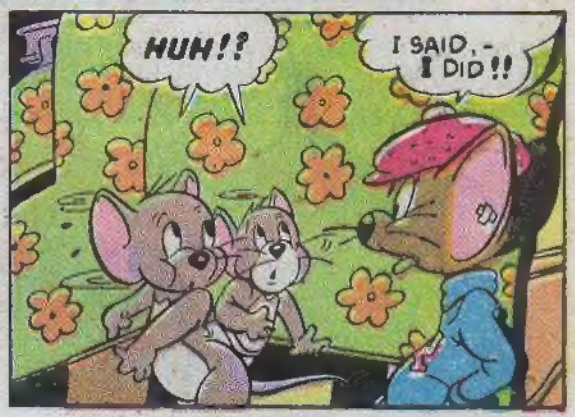


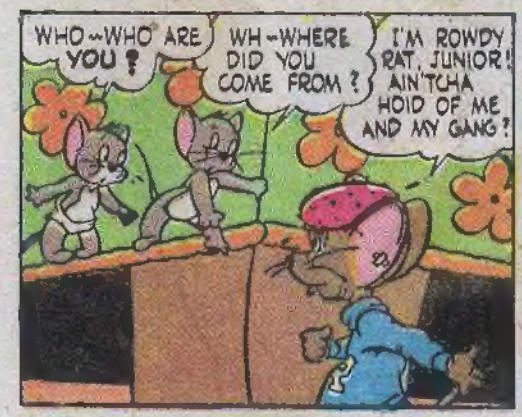
FREE! A big picture of TOM AND JERRY. See back cover.

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA ?-- HUH ? DO YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY ?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, TUFFY ? -- FALLING OVER YOUR OWN FEET ?


MAYBE IF I POP YOU ON THE NOSE, IT'LL CURE YOU OF TRIPPING !
HEY ! --WAIT A SECOND, HOT HEAD ! --I DIDN'T TRIP YOU !
HEH-HEH !

WELL, WHO ELSE DID ? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE AROUND !
I DID, PUDDIN'HEAD ! SO WHAT ! ?


HUH!?
I SAID, - I DID !!


WHO--WHO ARE YOU ?
WH--WHERE DID YOU COME FROM ?
I'M ROWDY RAT, JUNIOR ! AIN'TCHA HOID OF ME AND MY GANG ?

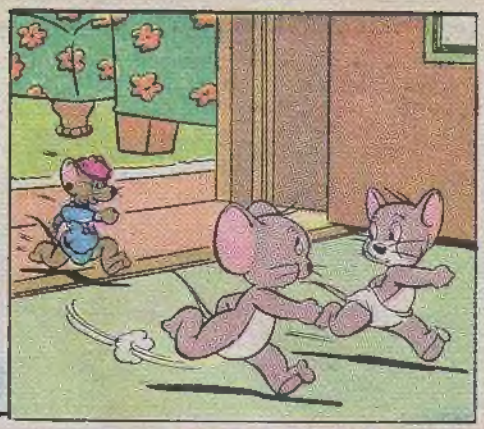
N-NO -- SHOULD WE HAVE ?
YEH ! SHOULD WE HAVE ?
WELL, BUB ! --YOU'RE GONNA HEAR PLENTY OF ME FROM NOW ON !

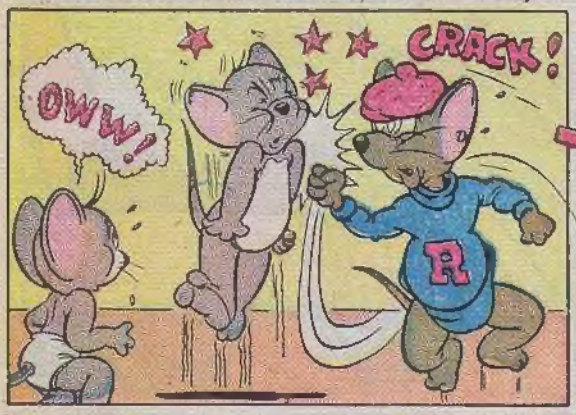
WHY ? -WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS HOUSE ANYWAY ?

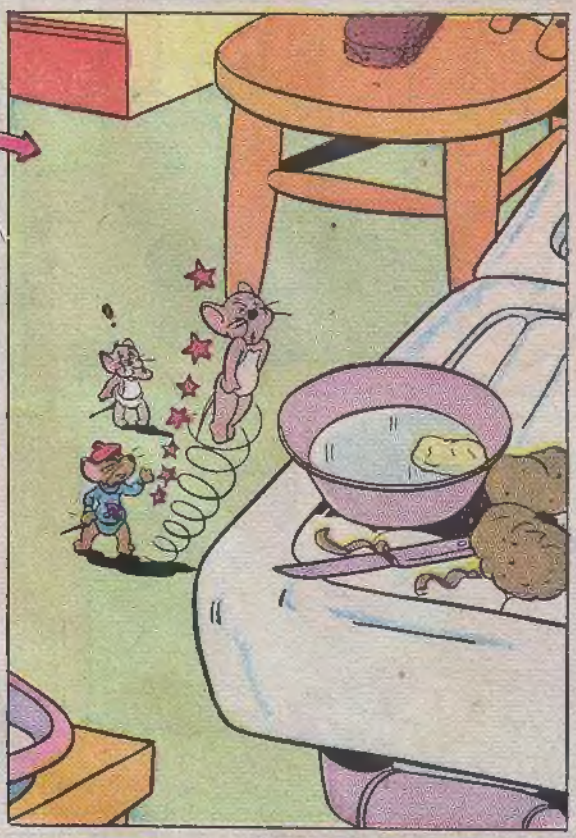
I'M LOOKING THE PLACE OVER ! IT'S GETTING COLD OUT IN THE VACANT LOT WHERE I LIVE ! -- IF I LIKE IT HERE -- WE COME IN ! -- YOU GO OUT !

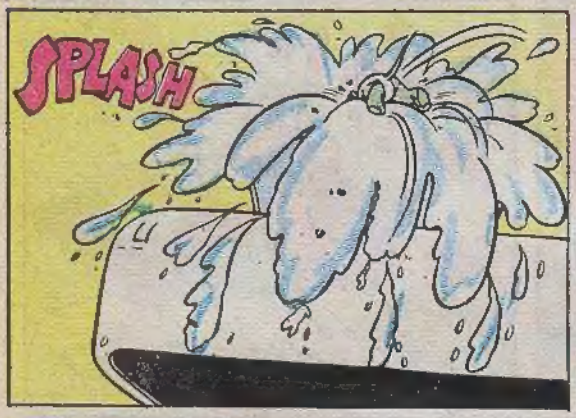
'SEZ WHO ?
YOU LOOK TOUGH !.. BUT YOU'RE NOT BIG ENOUGH TO PUT US OUT !
OH, NO !

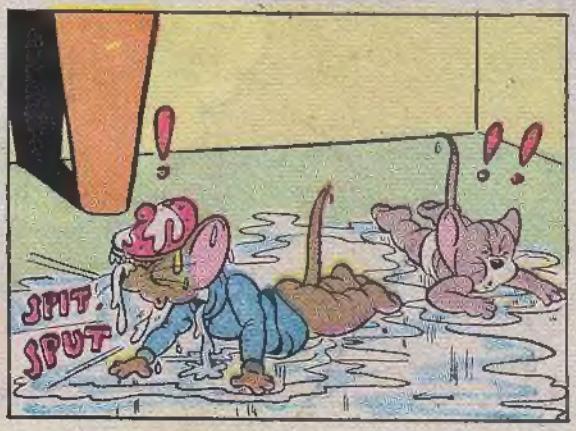
WE'LL SEE!!
SPLAT



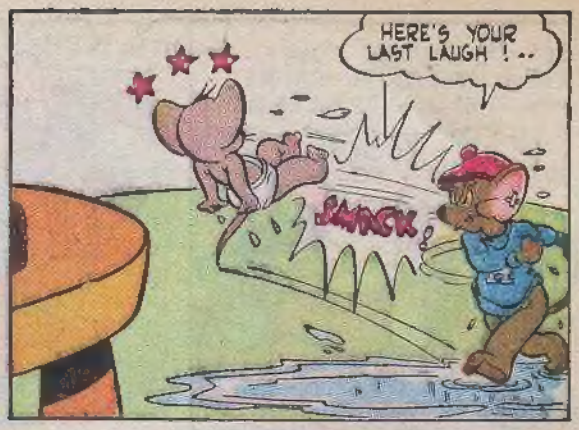

OWW!
CRACK!



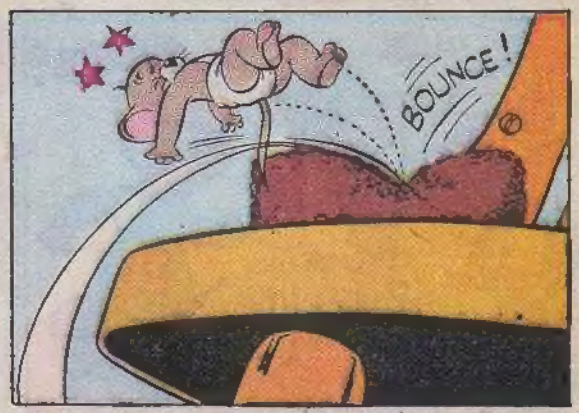

SPLASH


SPIT
SPUT

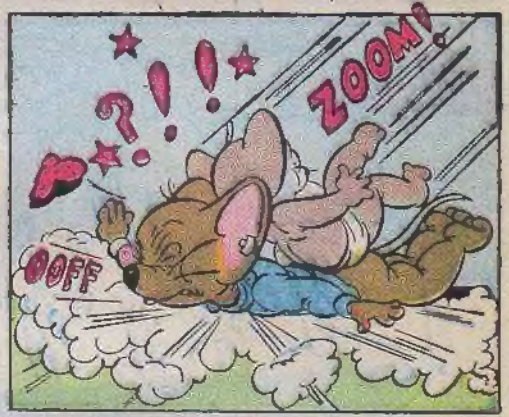
HO-HO!--YOU GOT SOAKED! JERRY HAD THE LAST LAUGH AFTER ALL!
--OH! YA-- THINK SO!-- WELL --

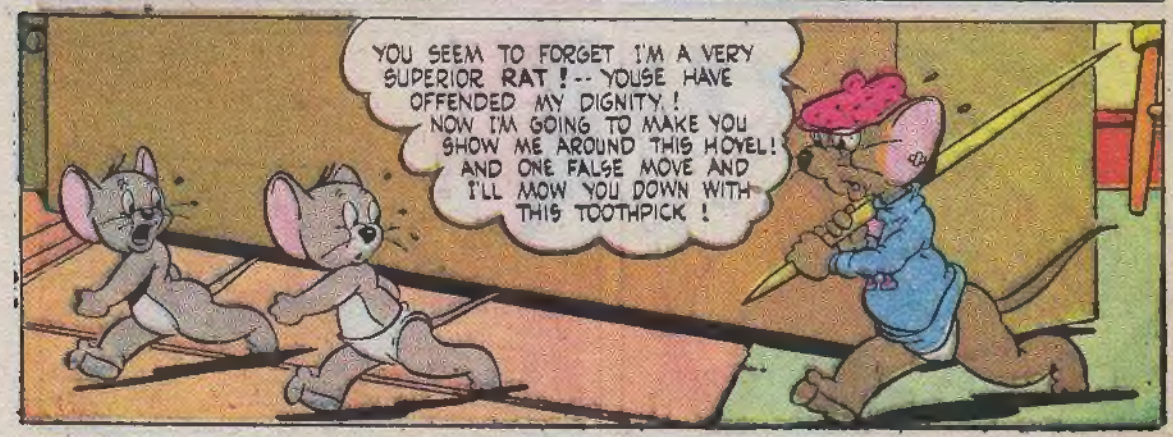

HERE'S YOUR LAST LAUGH!--
SMACK

RUBBER SPONGE

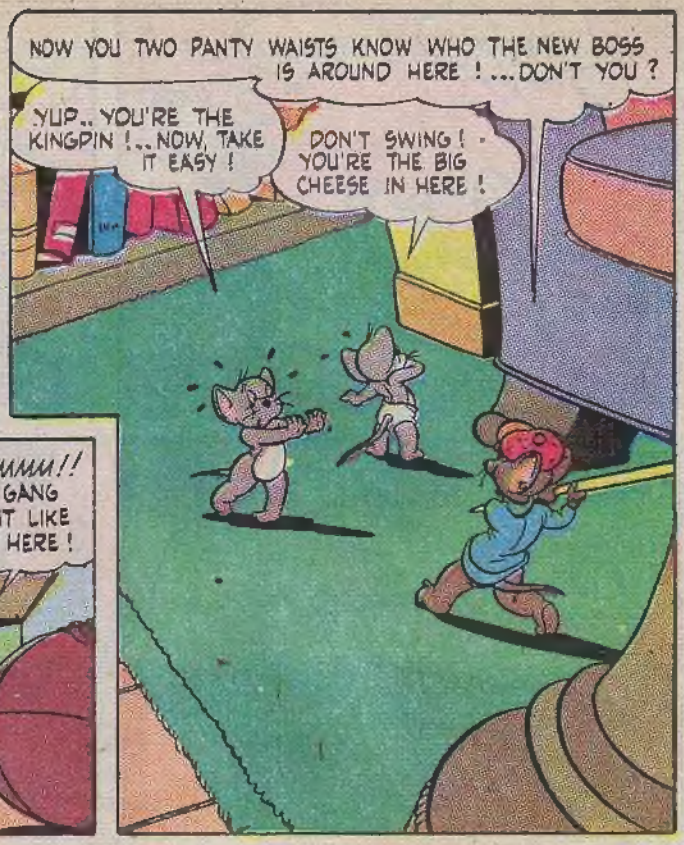

BOUNCE!

GUESS THAT'LL SHOW THOSE TWIRPS WHO ROWDY RAT, JUNIOR IS!

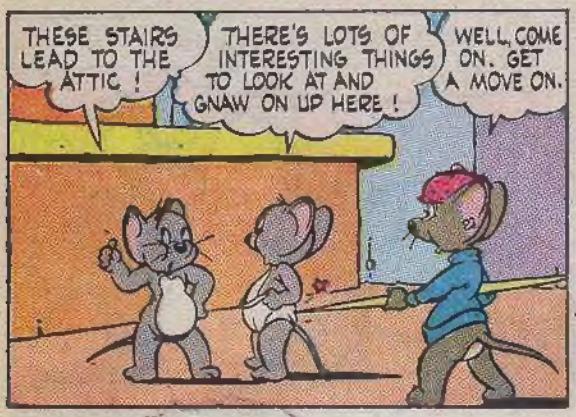

?!!
ZOOM!
OOFF

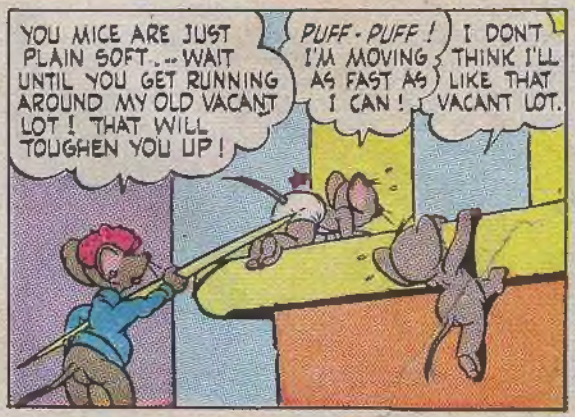

YOU SEEM TO FORGET I'M A VERY SUPERIOR RAT!-- YOUSE HAVE OFFENDED MY DIGNITY! NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU SHOW ME AROUND THIS HOVEL! AND ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL MOW YOU DOWN WITH THIS TOOTHPICK!

I GUESS I SHOWED THEM THAT ONE ROWDY RAT, JUNIOR, IS SUPERIOR TO ANY TWO MEEK, SPOILED, HOUSE MICE !

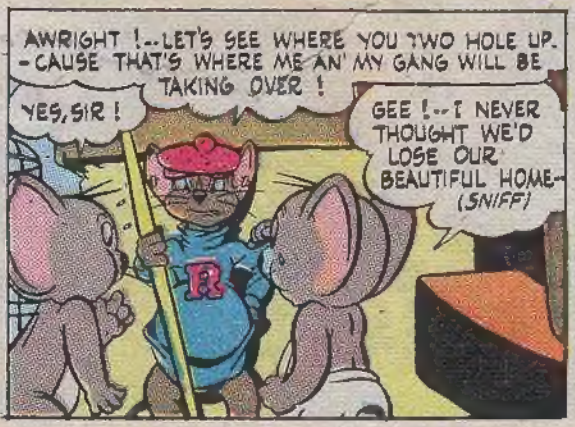

NOW YOU TWO PANTY WAISTS KNOW WHO THE NEW BOSS IS AROUND HERE ! ... DON'T YOU ?
YUP.. YOU'RE THE KINGPIN !... NOW, TAKE IT EASY !
DON'T SWING ! YOU'RE THE BIG CHEESE IN HERE !

THIS IS THE CHILDREN'S PLAYROOM. WE HAVE LOADS OF FUN WITH THEIR TOYS !
WE HOPE IT WILL MEET WITH YOUR APPROVAL.
HMMM!! MY GANG MIGHT LIKE IT HERE !

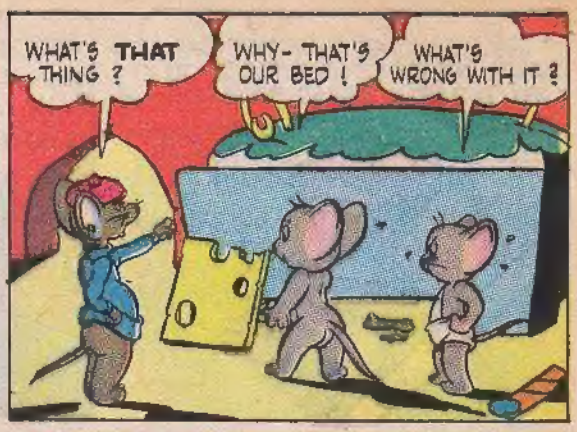

THESE STAIRS LEAD TO THE ATTIC !
THERE'S LOTS OF INTERESTING THINGS TO LOOK AT AND GNAW ON UP HERE !
WELL, COME ON. GET A MOVE ON.


YOU MICE ARE JUST PLAIN SOFT... WAIT UNTIL YOU GET RUNNING AROUND MY OLD VACANT LOT ! THAT WILL TOUGHEN YOU UP !
PUFF - PUFF ! I'M MOVING AS FAST AS I CAN !
I DON'T THINK I'LL LIKE THAT VACANT LOT.

SO THIS IS WHAT AN ATTIC IS LIKE !-- WOW !-- WE RATS COULD REALLY WRECK THIS PLACE !

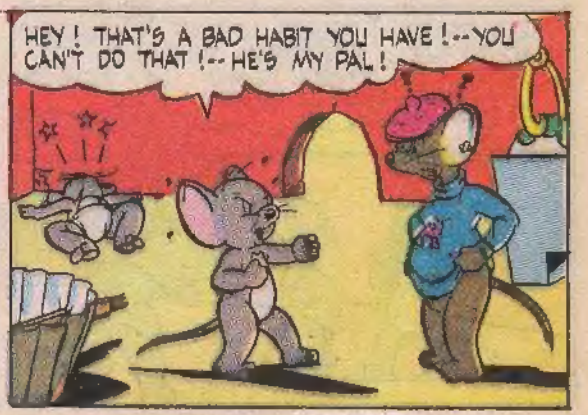

AWRIGHT !-- LET'S SEE WHERE YOU TWO HOLE UP. -CAUSE THAT'S WHERE ME AN' MY GANG WILL BE TAKING OVER !
YES, SIR !
GEE !-- I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D LOSE OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME-- (SNIFF)

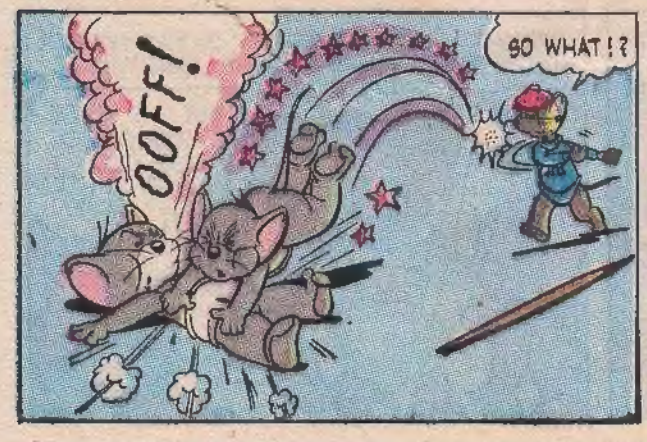
HERE IT IS !
HMMMM !

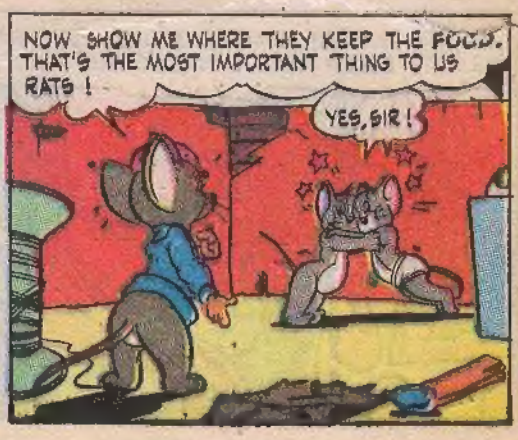

WHAT'S THAT THING ?
WHY- THAT'S OUR BED !
WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT ?

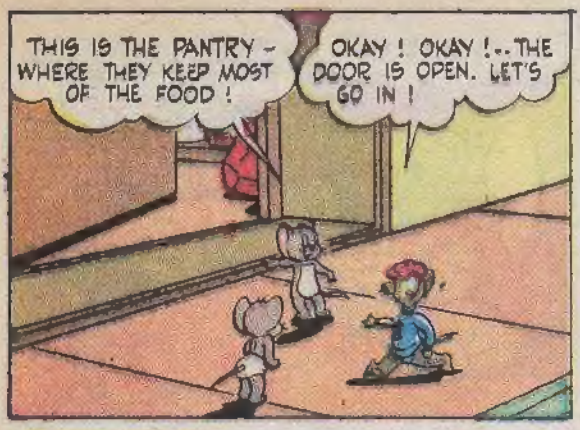
WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE IT OUT ! NO WONDER YOU'RE SOFT AND FLABBY--LYING AROUND ON THINGS LIKE THAT !--GET RID OF THE REST OF THIS JUNK TOO !
AW, HEY !

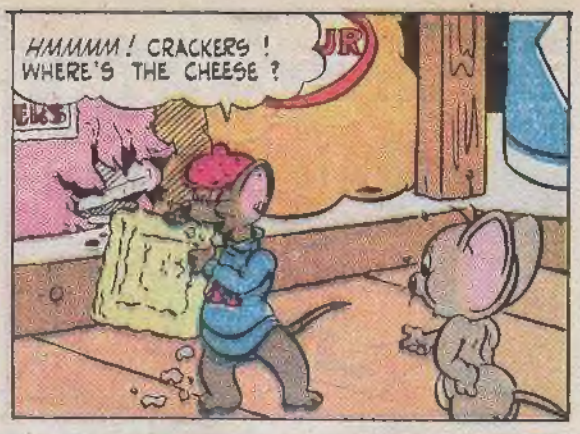
NONE OF YOUR LIP ! DID YOU FORGET WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE ?
FOR A MINUTE !- OW !
WACK !


HEY ! THAT'S A BAD HABIT YOU HAVE !--YOU CAN'T DO THAT !--HE'S MY PAL !

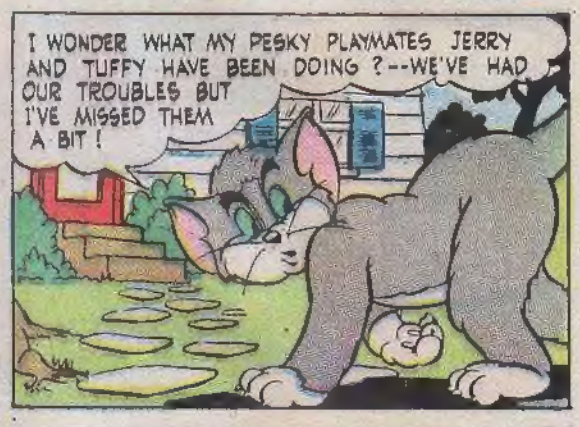

OOFF !
SO WHAT ! ?

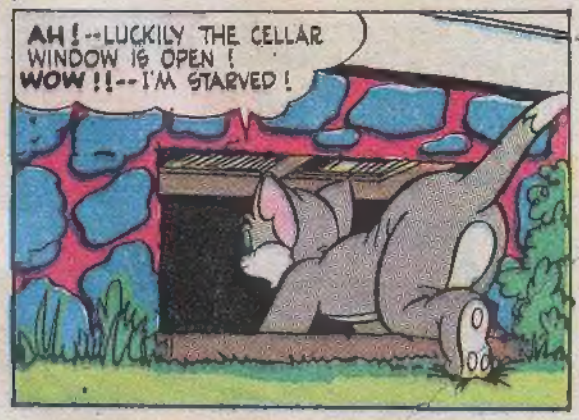

NOW SHOW ME WHERE THEY KEEP THE FOOD. THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO US RATS !
YES, SIR !

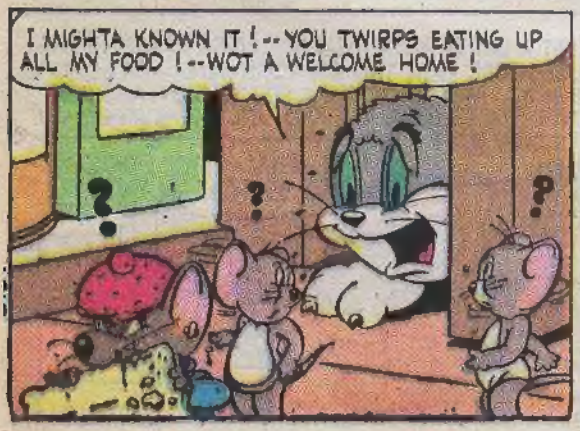

THIS IS THE PANTRY - WHERE THEY KEEP MOST OF THE FOOD !
OKAY ! OKAY !--THE DOOR IS OPEN. LET'S GO IN !


HMMMM ! CRACKERS ! WHERE'S THE CHEESE ?

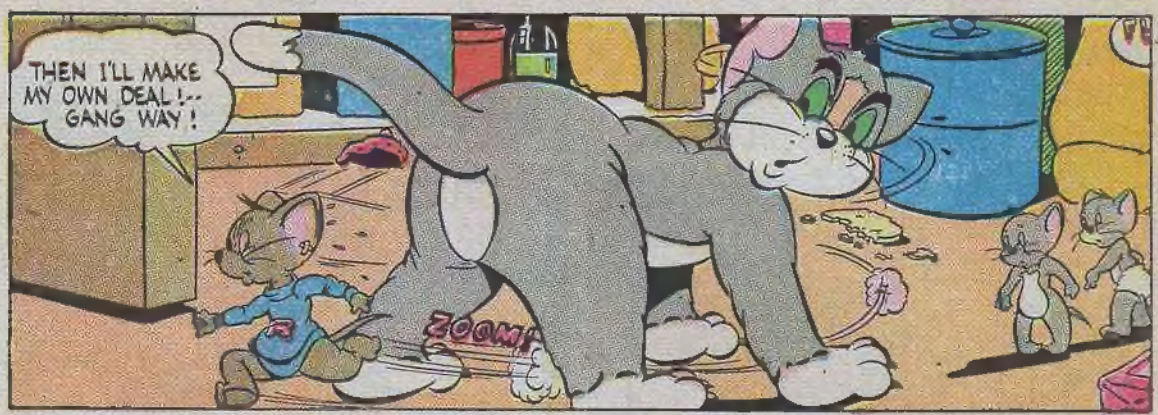
MEANWHILE •
THIS LIFE AS AN ALLEY CAT ISN'T ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE. THINK I'LL GO BACK HOME AND MAKE PEACE WITH THE FAMILY ! BESIDES - I'M GETTING HUNGRY !

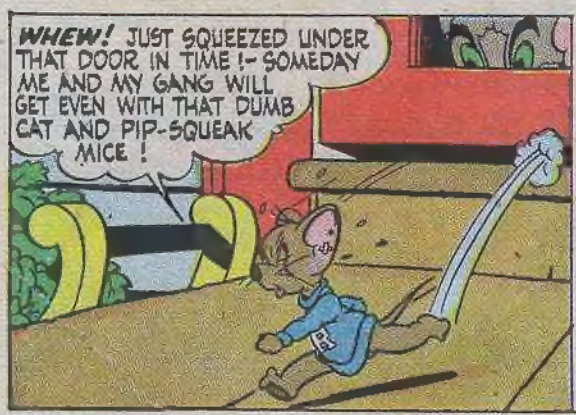

I WONDER WHAT MY PESKY PLAYMATES JERRY AND TUFFY HAVE BEEN DOING ?--WE'VE HAD OUR TROUBLES BUT I'VE MISSED THEM A BIT !

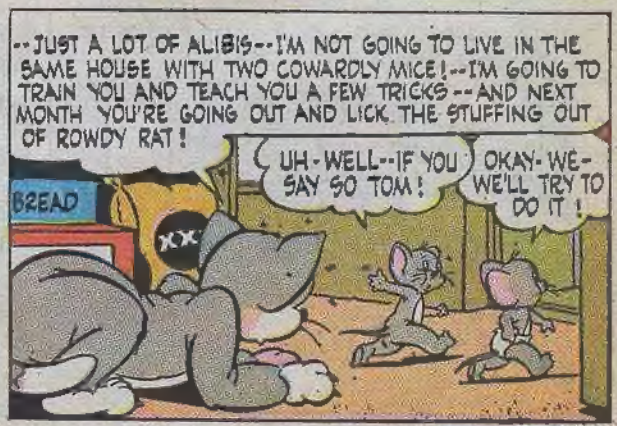

AH !--LUCKILY THE CELLAR WINDOW IS OPEN ! WOW !!--I'M STARVED !


I MIGHTA KNOWN IT !--YOU TWIRPS EATING UP ALL MY FOOD !--WOT A WELCOME HOME !

TOM CAT !
WHO ?
ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU, OLD PAL !



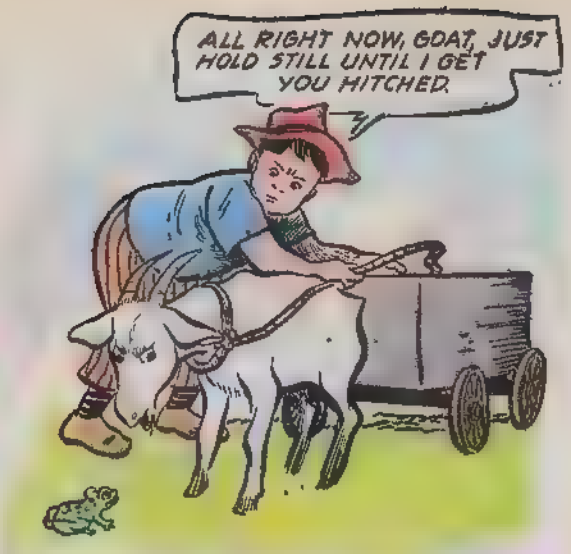


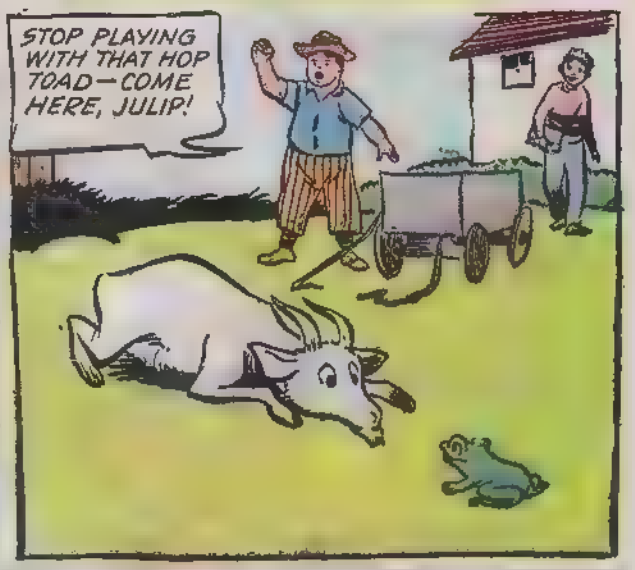


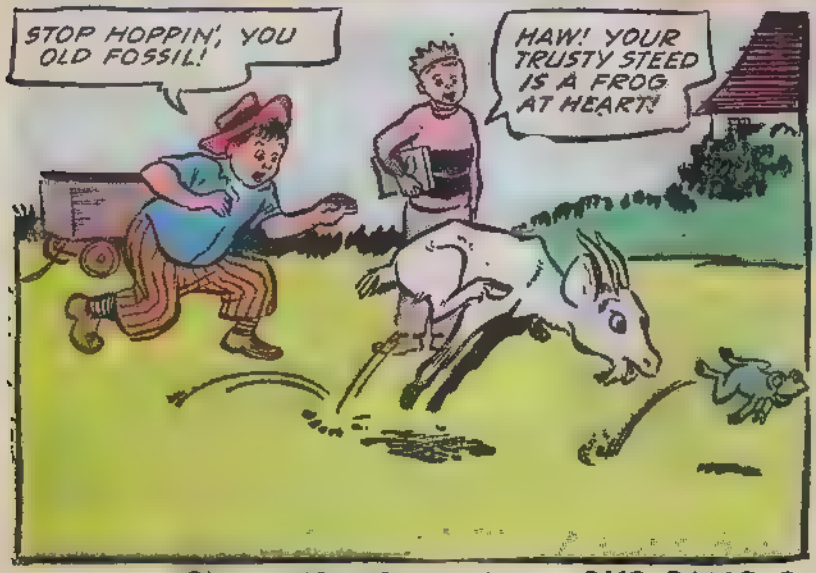
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

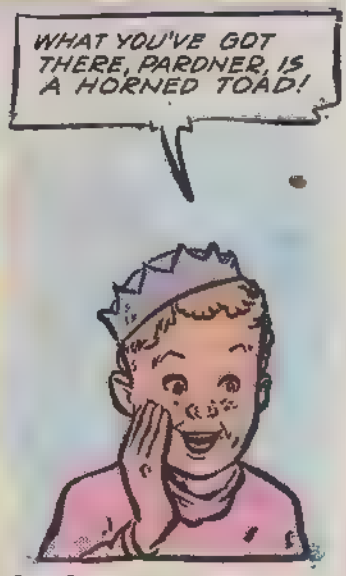
MGM *presents*

OUR GANG









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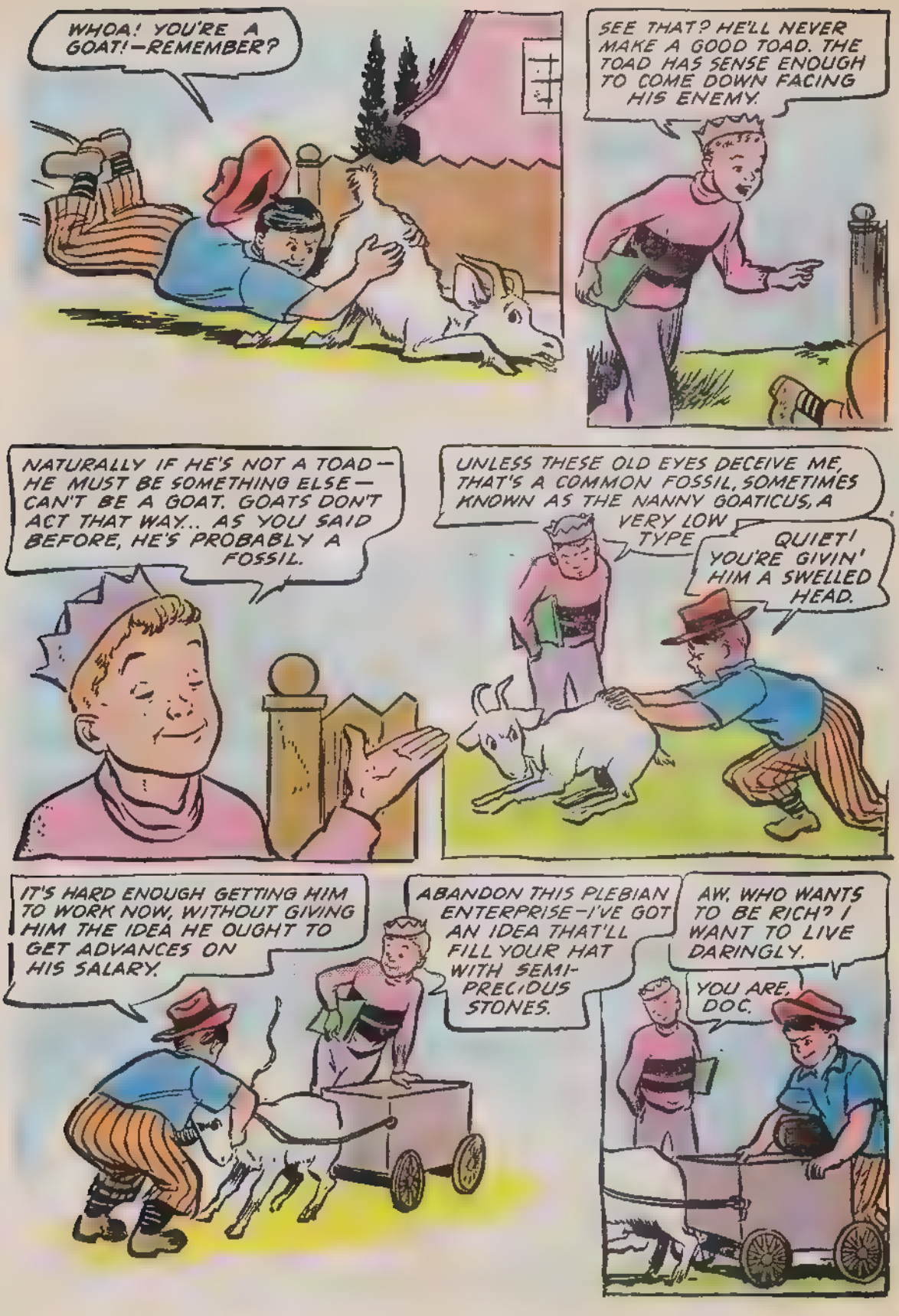
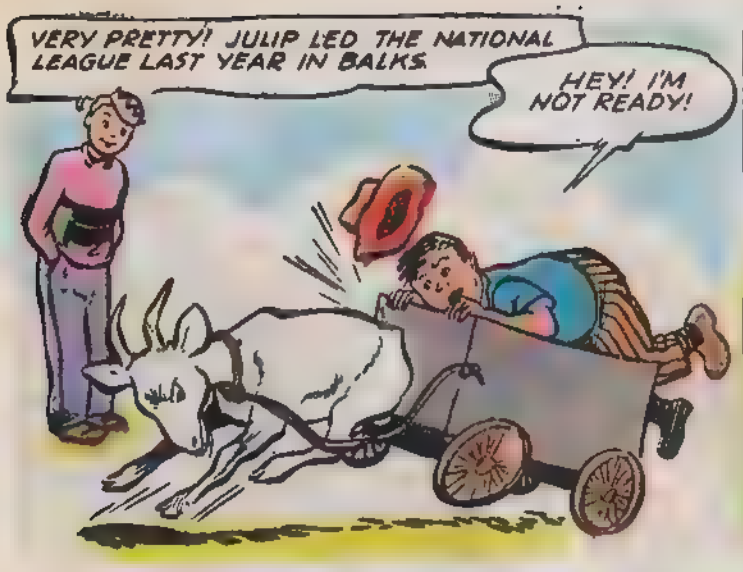
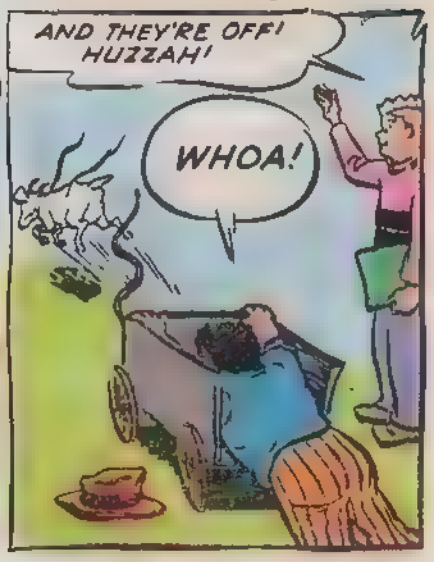
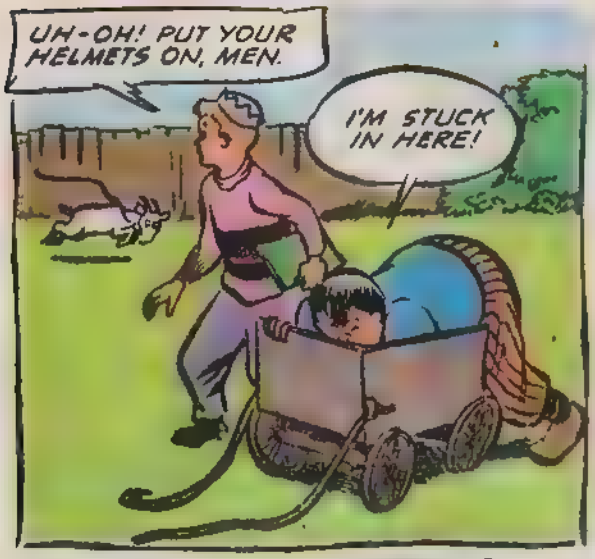
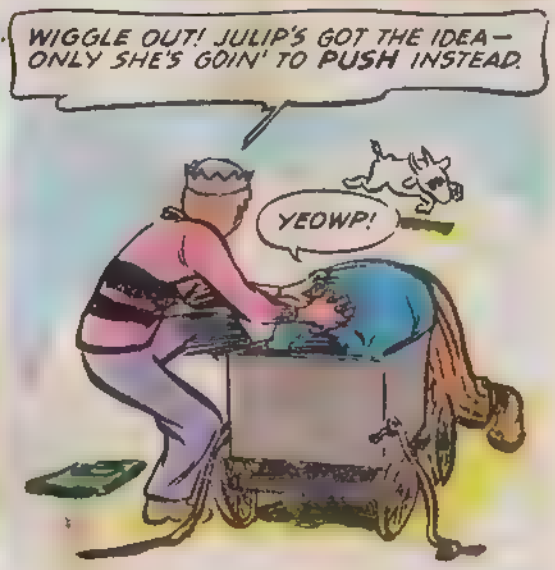
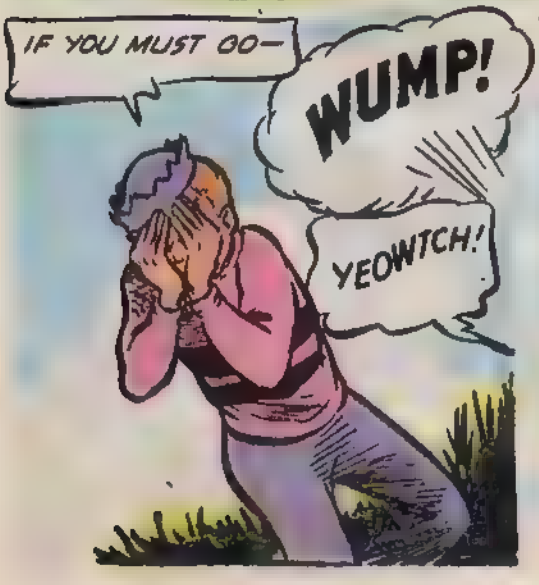

WHOA! YOU'RE A GOAT!—REMEMBER?
SEE THAT? HE'LL NEVER MAKE A GOOD TOAD. THE TOAD HAS SENSE ENOUGH TO COME DOWN FACING HIS ENEMY.
NATURALLY IF HE'S NOT A TOAD—HE MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE—CAN'T BE A GOAT. GOATS DON'T ACT THAT WAY... AS YOU SAID BEFORE, HE'S PROBABLY A FOSSIL.
UNLESS THESE OLD EYES DECEIVE ME, THAT'S A COMMON FOSSIL, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE NANNY GOATICUS, A VERY LOW TYPE
QUIET! YOU'RE GIVIN' HIM A SWELLED HEAD.
IT'S HARD ENOUGH GETTING HIM TO WORK NOW, WITHOUT GIVING HIM THE IDEA HE OUGHT TO GET ADVANCES ON HIS SALARY.
ABANDON THIS PLEBIAN ENTERPRISE—I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL FILL YOUR HAT WITH SEMI-PRECIDUS STONES.
AW, WHO WANTS TO BE RICH? I WANT TO LIVE DARINGLY.
YOU ARE, DOC.

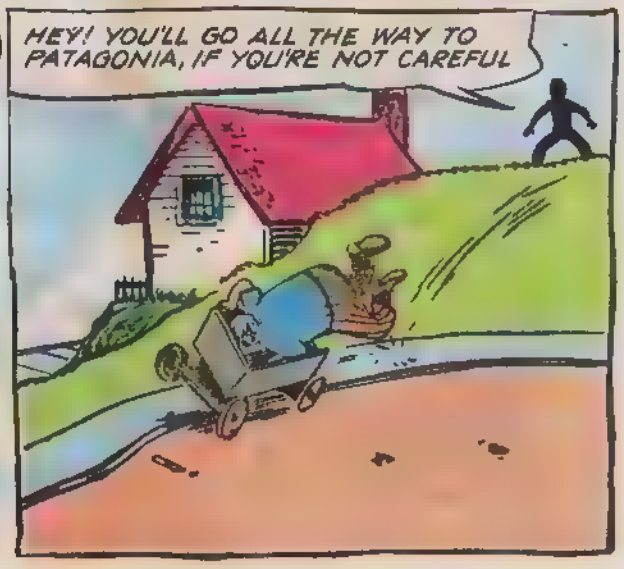

VERY PRETTY! JULIP LED THE NATIONAL LEAGUE LAST YEAR IN BALKS.
HEY! I'M NOT READY!

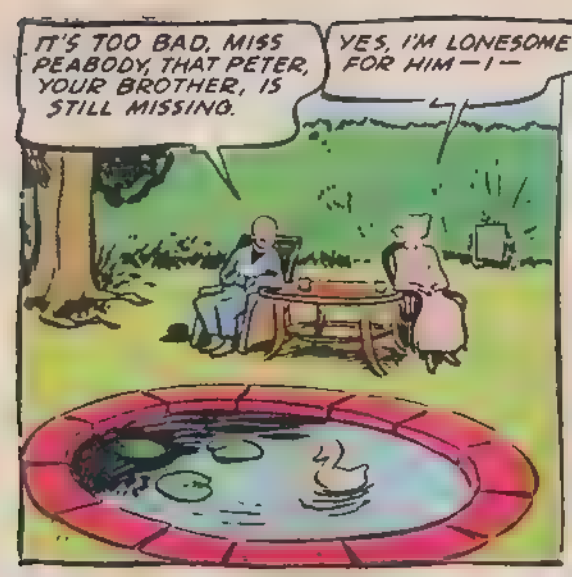

AND THEY'RE OFF! HUZZAH!
WHOA!

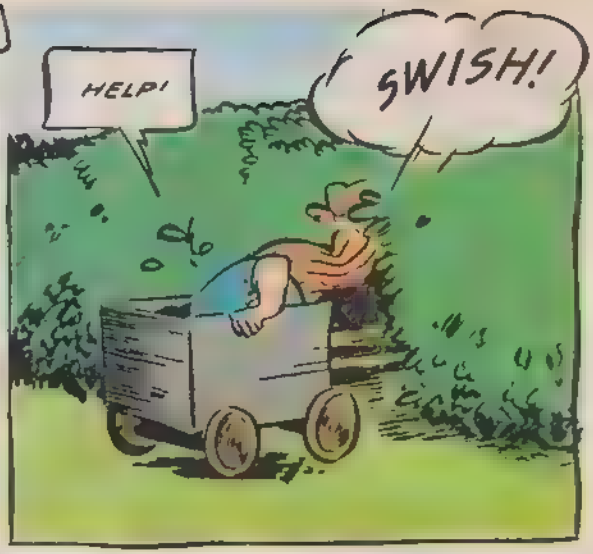

UH-OH! PUT YOUR HELMETS ON, MEN.
I'M STUCK IN HERE!

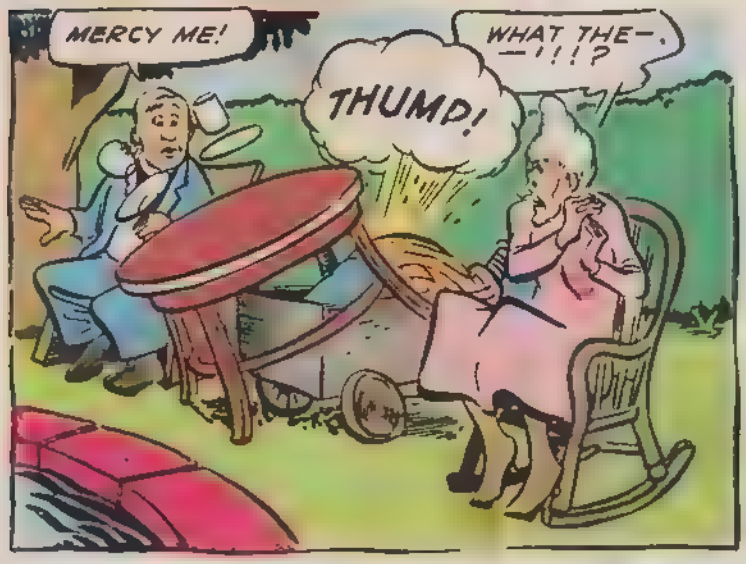

WIGGLE OUT! JULIP'S GOT THE IDEA— ONLY SHE'S GOIN' TO PUSH INSTEAD.
YEOWP!


IF YOU MUST GO—
WUMP!
YEOWTCH!

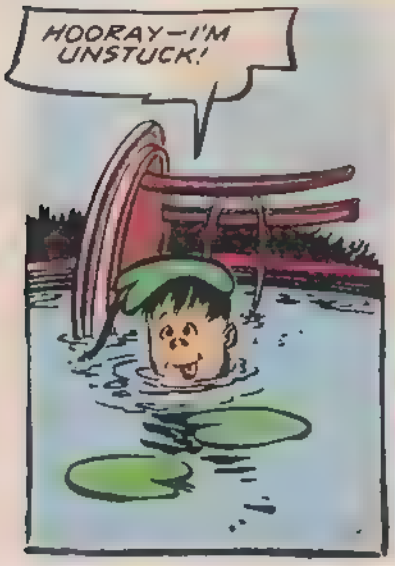

HEY! YOU'LL GO ALL THE WAY TO PATAGONIA, IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL

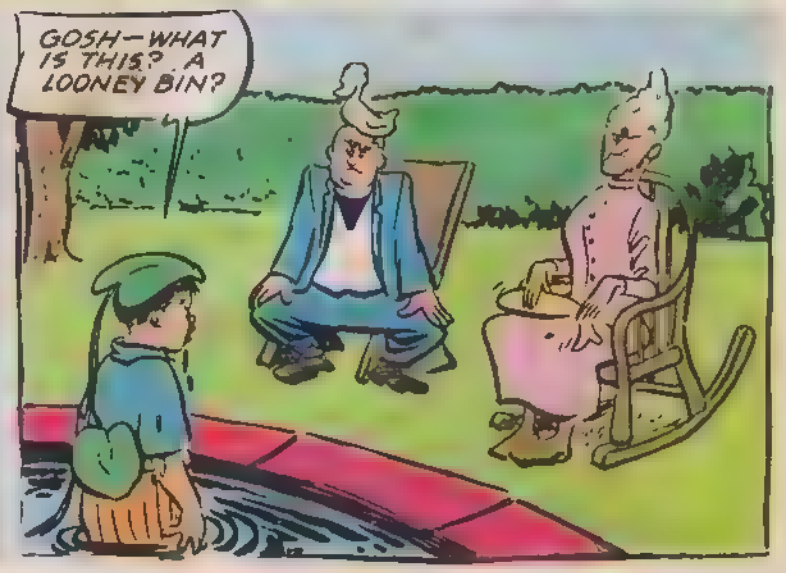

IT'S TOO BAD, MISS PEABODY, THAT PETER, YOUR BROTHER, IS STILL MISSING.
YES, I'M LONESOME FOR HIM—I—

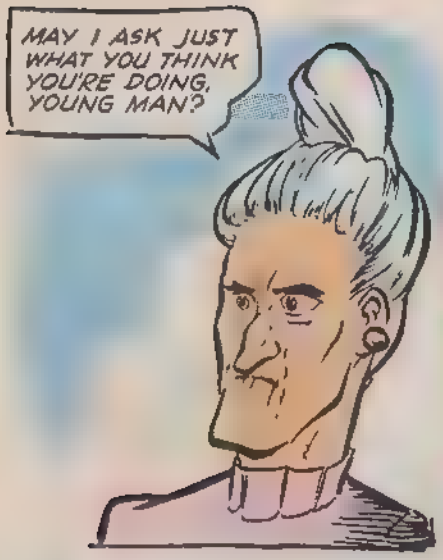

HELP!
SWISH!

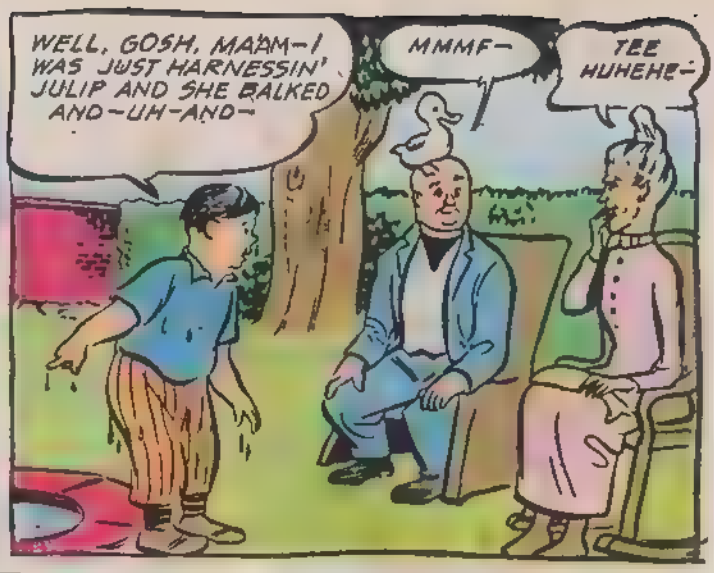

MERCY ME!
THUMP!
WHAT THE—!!!?

SPLASH!


HOORAY—I'M UNSTUCK!

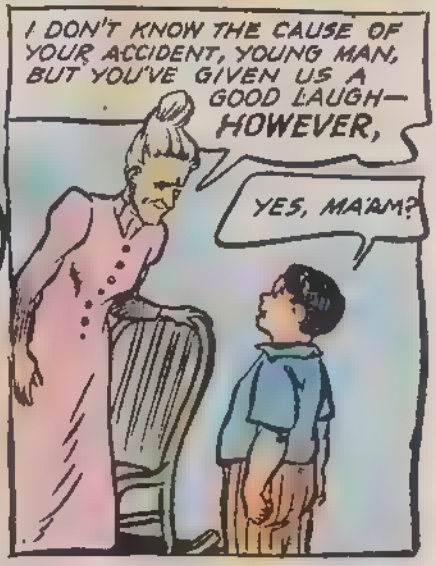

GOSH—WHAT IS THIS? A LOONEY BIN?

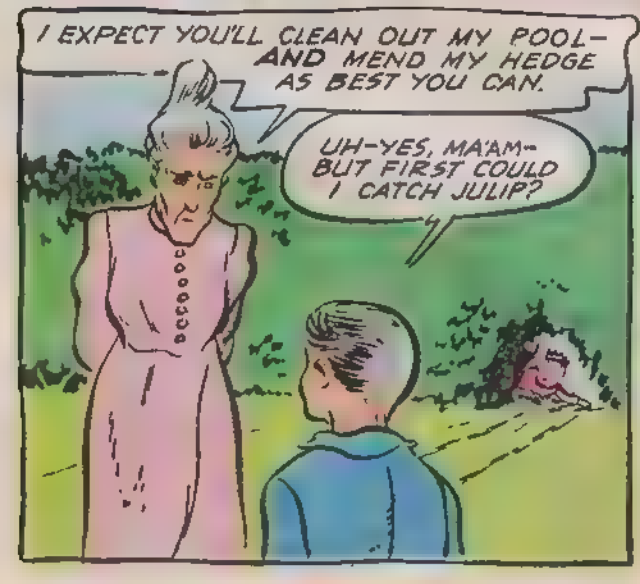

MAY I ASK JUST WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOUNG MAN?


WELL, GOSH, MA'AM—I WAS JUST HARNESSIN' JULIP AND SHE BALKED AND—UH—AND—
MMMF—
TEE HUHEHE—

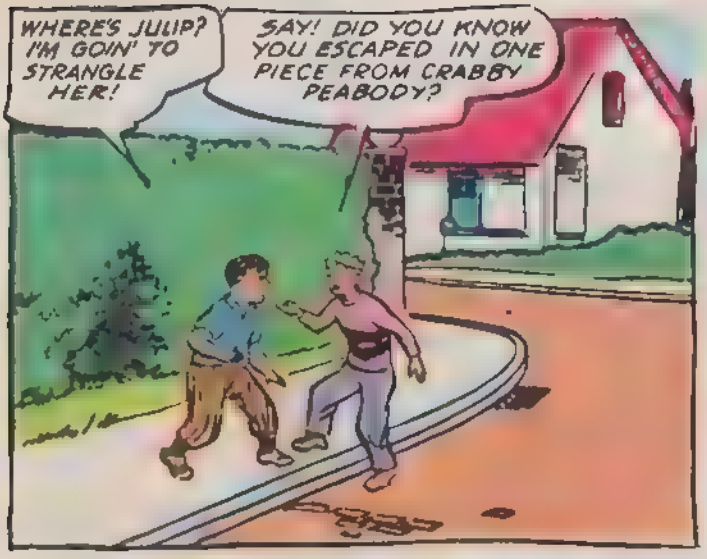
HO HO HO HO!

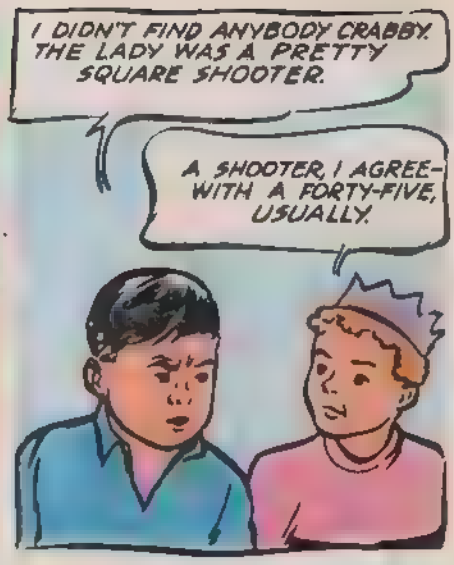
HA HA HA HA HA!

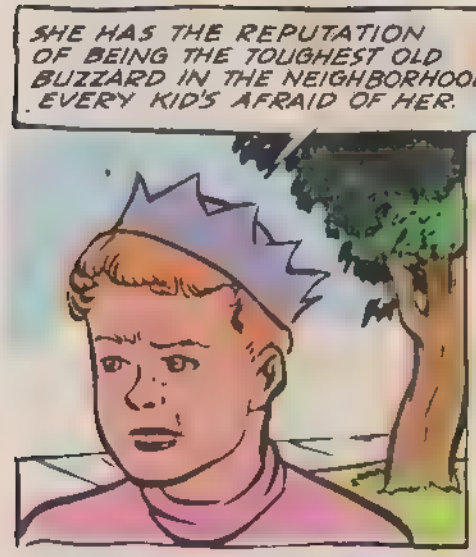

I DON'T KNOW THE CAUSE OF YOUR ACCIDENT, YOUNG MAN, BUT YOU'VE GIVEN US A GOOD LAUGH—HOWEVER,
YES, MA'AM?

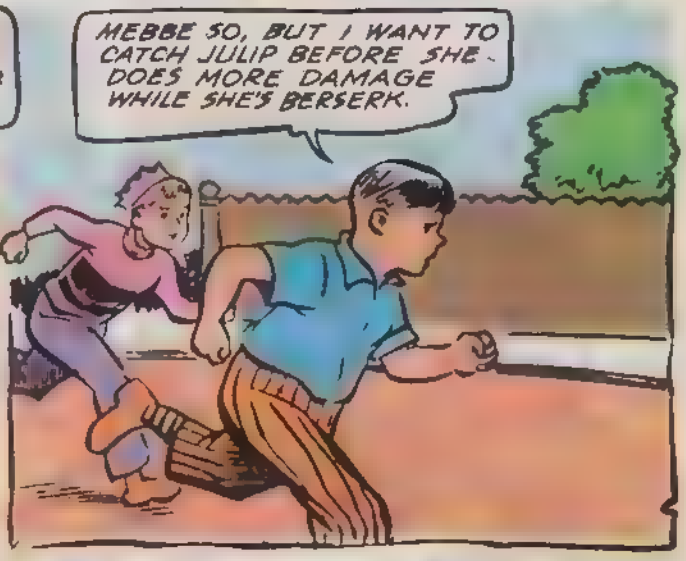

I EXPECT YOU'LL CLEAN OUT MY POOL—AND MEND MY HEDGE AS BEST YOU CAN.
UH—YES, MA'AM—BUT FIRST COULD I CATCH JULIP?

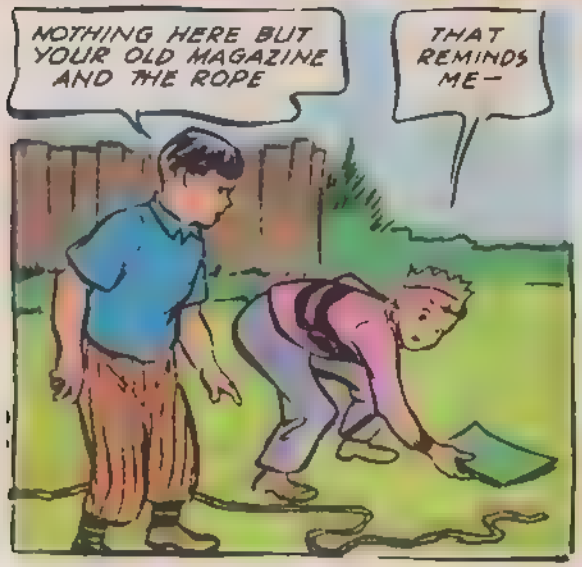
VERY WELL—WE'LL HOLD YOUR WAGON FOR SECURITY.
THANK'S, MA'AM.


WHERE'S JULIP? I'M GOIN' TO STRANGLE HER!
SAY! DID YOU KNOW YOU ESCAPED IN ONE PIECE FROM CRABBY PEABODY?

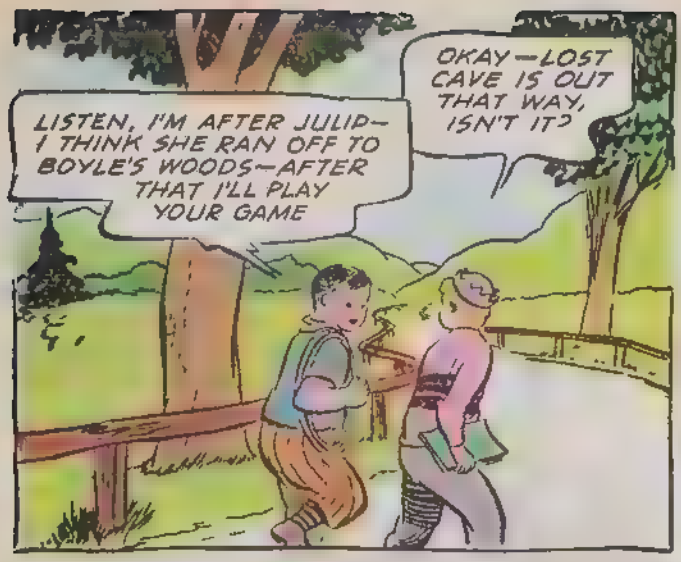

I DIDN'T FIND ANYBODY CRABBY. THE LADY WAS A PRETTY SQUARE SHOOTER.
A SHOOTER, I AGREE— WITH A FORTY-FIVE, USUALLY.


SHE HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING THE TOUGHEST OLD BUZZARD IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. EVERY KID'S AFRAID OF HER.

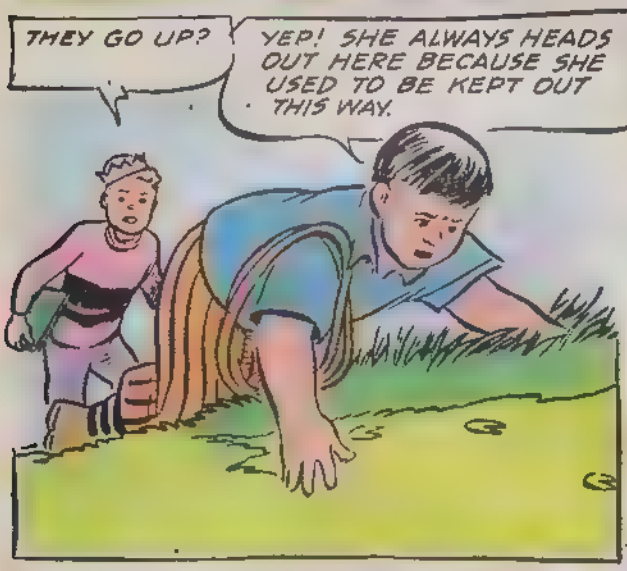

MEBBE SO, BUT I WANT TO CATCH JULIP BEFORE SHE DOES MORE DAMAGE WHILE SHE'S BERSERK.


NOTHING HERE BUT YOUR OLD MAGAZINE AND THE ROPE
THAT REMINDS ME—

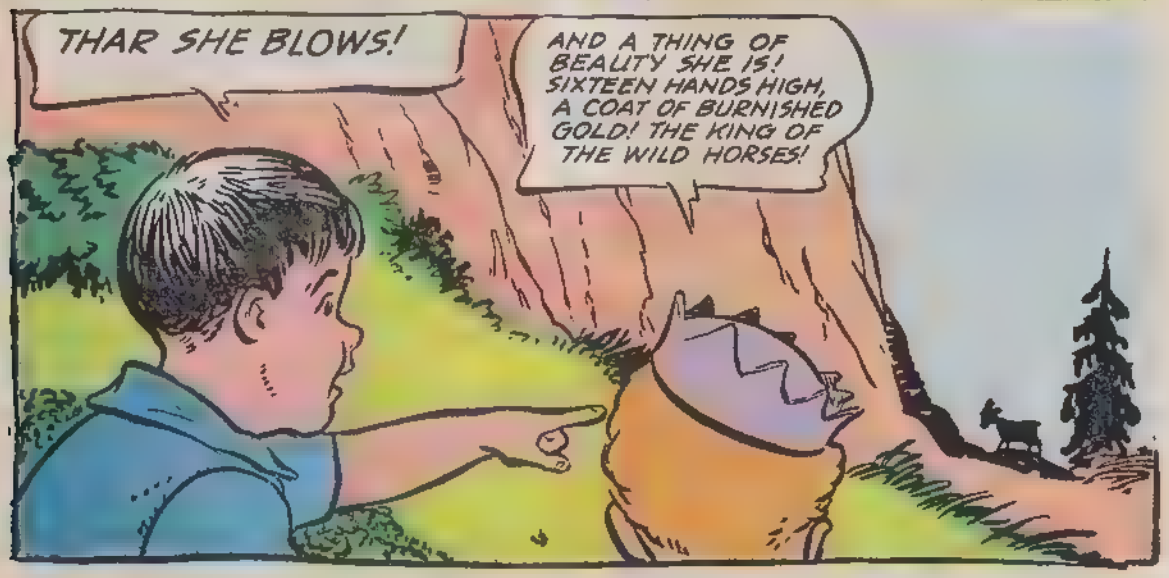
YEAH—I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THAT GOAT.
WAIT—LISTEN TO MY IDEA!


LISTEN, I'M AFTER JULIP— I THINK SHE RAN OFF TO BOYLE'S WOODS—AFTER THAT I'LL PLAY YOUR GAME
OKAY—LOST CAVE IS OUT THAT WAY, ISN'T IT?

YEAH, WHAT OF IT? HEY, LOOK—A GOAT'S HOOF PRINT! JULIP CAME THIS WAY ALL RIGHT.
THAT'S HER PRINT!


THEY GO UP?
YEP! SHE ALWAYS HEADS OUT HERE BECAUSE SHE USED TO BE KEPT OUT THIS WAY.

WAIT FOR US WOMEN AND CHILDREN, DAN'L BOONE.


THAR SHE BLOWS!
AND A THING OF BEAUTY SHE IS! SIXTEEN HANDS HIGH, A COAT OF BURNISHED GOLD! THE KING OF THE WILD HORSES!

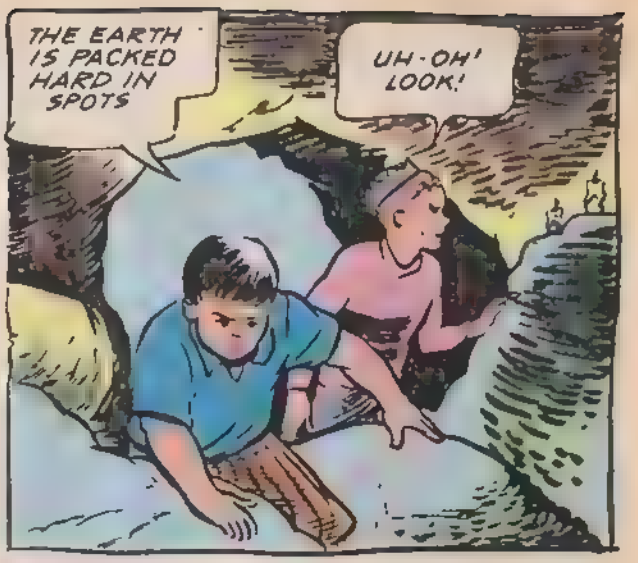
LOOK! THAT MAN STEPPED OUT OF THE BRUSH—HE'S GOING TO SHOOT HER!
HEY, DON'T!
BANG!
YOU-YOU—
YOU SHOT OUR GOAT!
YOUR GOAT?!
YES, THAT WAS JULIP, OUR PET GOAT!
MY GOL, BOYS, I'M SORRY!
I HUNT ROUN' HERE ALL TH' TIME— I THOUGHT SHE WAS WILD—SHE ROLLED OFF HERE... SAY! WHERE IS SHE?

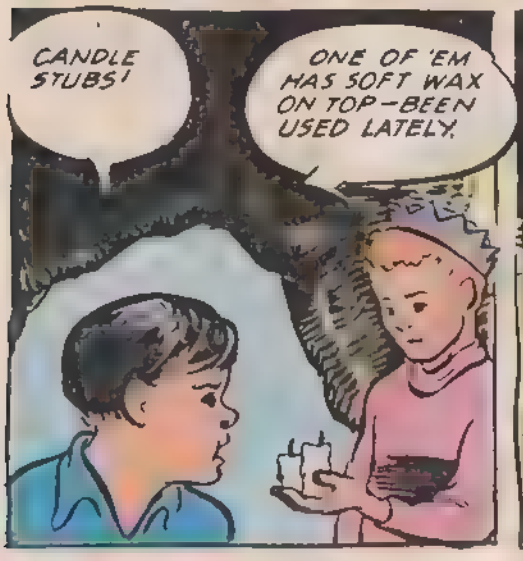
MAYBE THE BULLET HIT A HORN.
YEAH—LOOKS LIKE SHE WENT THROUGH THE BRUSH RIGHT THERE
YAY! LOOK—THERE SHE IS! EATING GRASS OVER THERE. SHE'S NOT HURT.
LET'S GO
SAY—WHERE'D THAT BIRD GO?
HE'S PULLED OUT!
THAT'S QUEER!
WELL, HE WAS A QUEER DUCK, ANYWAY
WHY DO YOU WORRY YOUR POOR OLD FATHER AND MOTHER SO?
NOW, AT LEAST, EGGHEAD, I CAN TELL YOU MY IDEA
OKAY, SHOOT
WELL, I WAS READING IN THAT MAGAZINE, WHICH I LOST NOW, THAT THIS SECTION IS RICH IN RELICS OF PRIMITIVE INDIAN CIVILIZATION

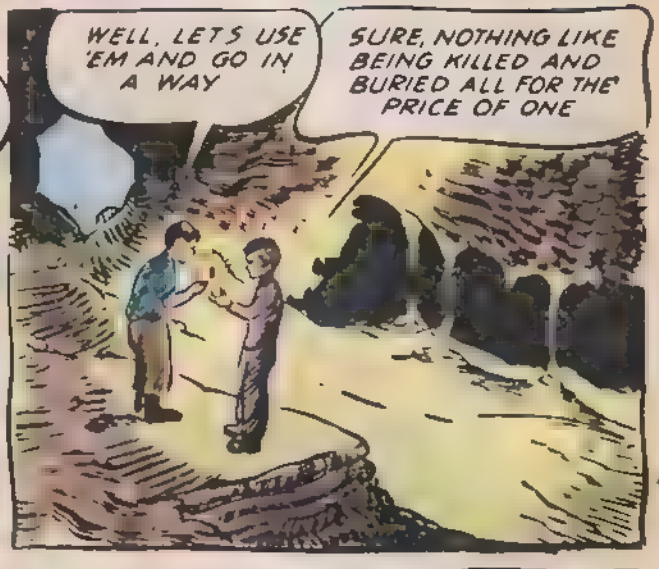
IT MENTIONS "LOST CAVE" WHICH IS RIGHT NEAR HERE. IT HAS NO REAL ENTRANCE... THERE'S JUST AN OPENING HIGH ON THE CLIFF—BUT NO WAY INTO IT.
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT—THERE IT IS UP THERE.
SURE—BUT I THINK I KNOW A WAY INTO IT.
ISN'T THAT JUST SWELL? SO WHAT? IT'D BE FUN, BUT WHAT ELSE?
THE MAGAZINE ARTICLE GUESSES THAT IT MIGHT BE FULL OF OLD INDIAN TREASURE
LEAD ME TO THE WAMPUM
FIRST WE CLIMB AROUND TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF
GEE! LOOK AT THE ROAD DOWN THERE
THERE! WASN'T SO HARD, WAS IT?
YOU MEAN THERE'S A HARDER WAY UP?

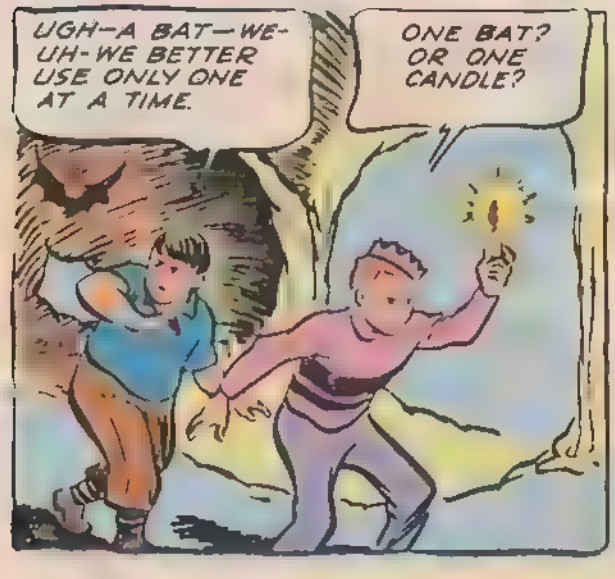
NOW WHAT, BRAIN? DO WE KICK A HOLE IN THE CEILING AND GO DOWNSTAIRS INTO THE CAVE?
YOU'VE BEEN PEEKIN'! THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA.
WE'RE JUST ABOUT OVER THE OLD CAVE... WE LOOK AROUND FOR AN OLD SMOKE HOLE.
IT WOULD BE MORE LIKELY TO BE A CREVICE IN THE ROCK FORMATIONS UP HERE, WOULDN'T IT?
GUESS IT WOULD
HEY—TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
IS THAT IT OR IS THAT IT?
EGGHEAD, YOU'VE GOT A COLD, WET NOSE LIKE A BLOODHOUND!
LOOK, THE GROUND'S ALL WORN SMOOTH HERE.
ANIMALS USING THE HOLE?

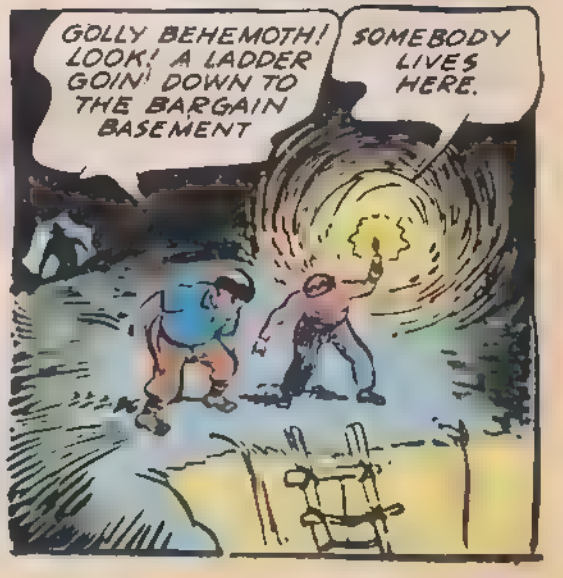
YEAH
BEARS OR ELEPHANTS— WHATEVER'S BEEN USING IT HAS BEEN HEAVY

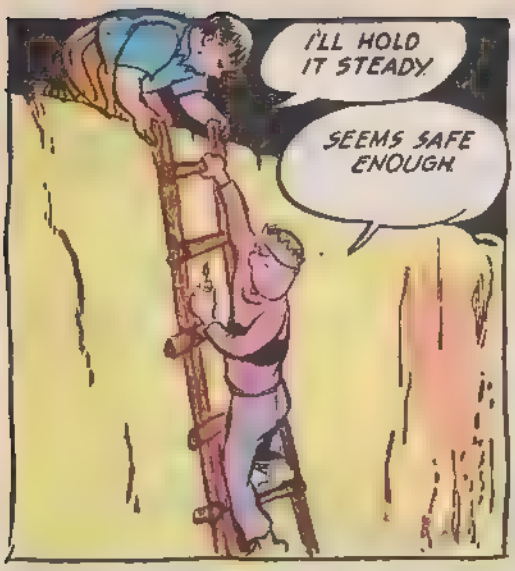

THE EARTH IS PACKED HARD IN SPOTS
UH-OH! LOOK!

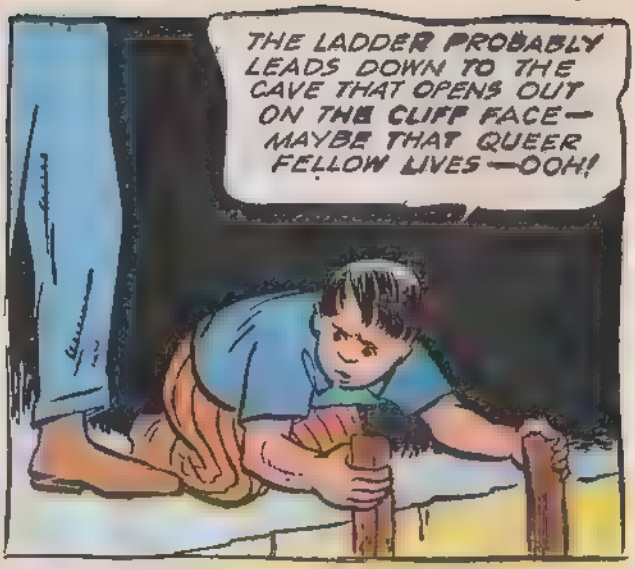

CANDLE STUBS!
ONE OF 'EM HAS SOFT WAX ON TOP—BEEN USED LATELY.

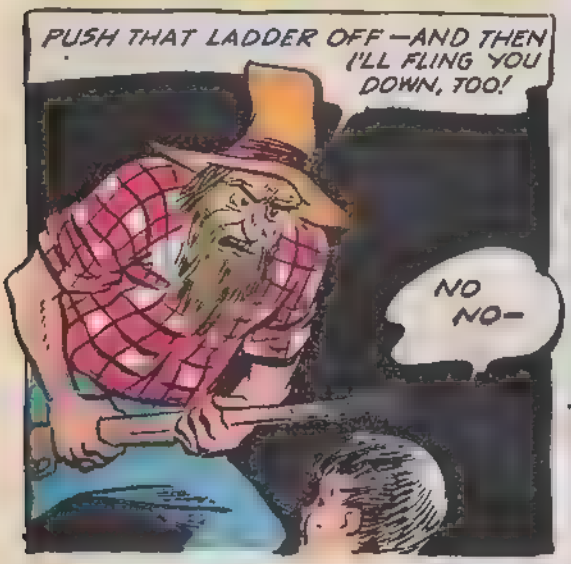

WELL, LET'S USE 'EM AND GO IN A WAY
SURE, NOTHING LIKE BEING KILLED AND BURIED ALL FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

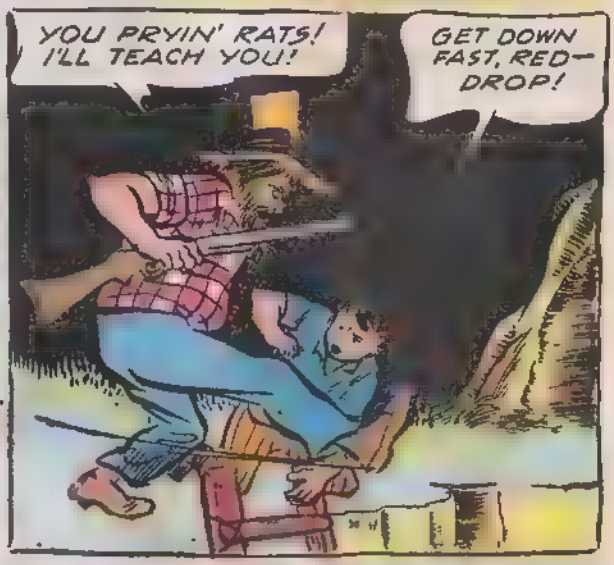

UGH—A BAT—WE- UH-WE BETTER USE ONLY ONE AT A TIME.
ONE BAT? OR ONE CANDLE?


GOLLY BEHEMOTH! LOOK! A LADDER GOIN' DOWN TO THE BARGAIN BASEMENT
SOMEBODY LIVES HERE.

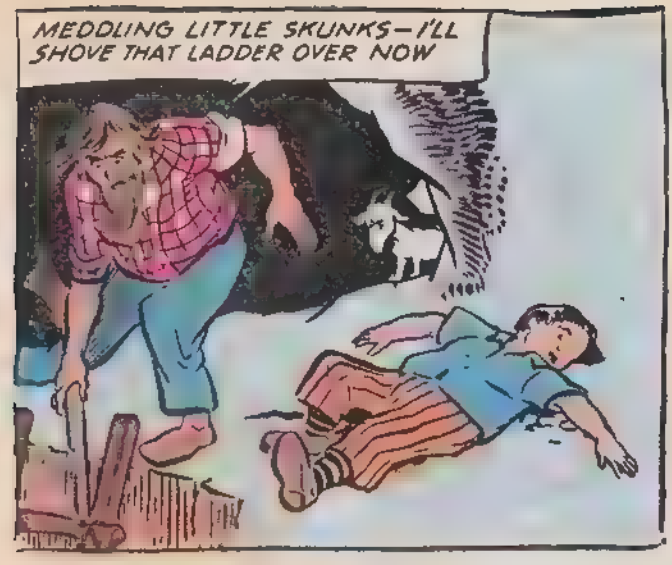

I'LL HOLD IT STEADY
SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH


THE LADDER PROBABLY LEADS DOWN TO THE CAVE THAT OPENS OUT ON THE CLIFF FACE— MAYBE THAT QUEER FELLOW LIVES—OOH!

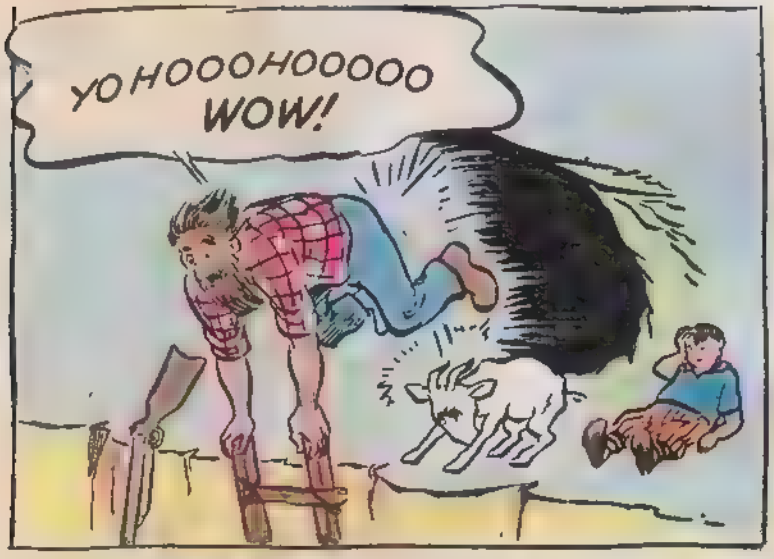

PUSH THAT LADDER OFF—AND THEN I'LL FLING YOU DOWN, TOO!
NO NO—

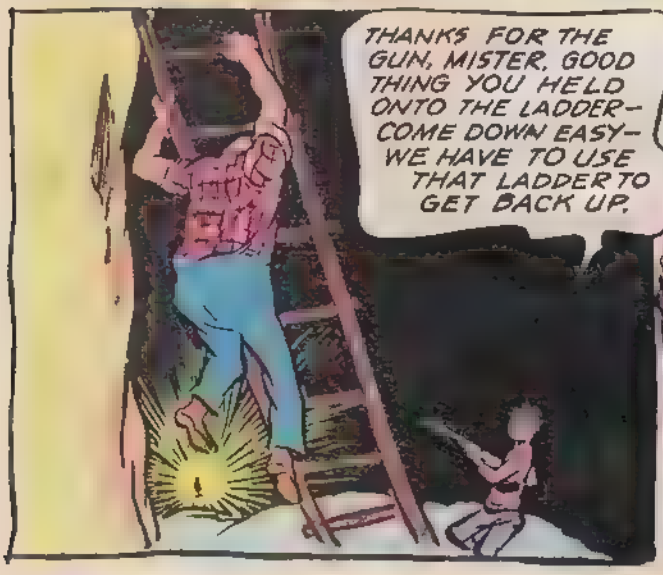

YOU PRYIN' RATS! I'LL TEACH YOU!
GET DOWN FAST, RED— DROP!

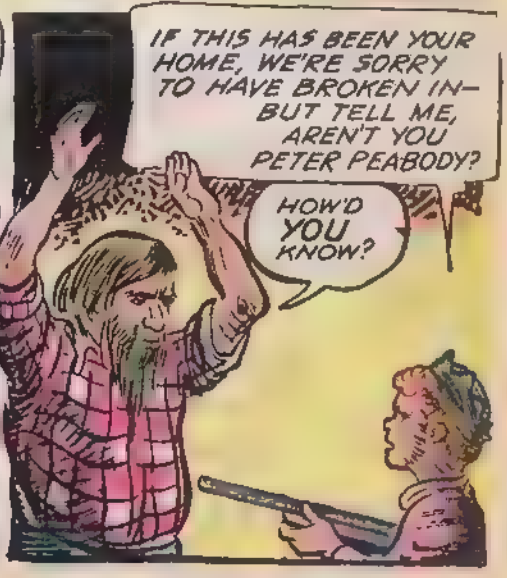
KLAK!


MEDDLING LITTLE SKUNKS—I'LL SHOVE THAT LADDER OVER NOW

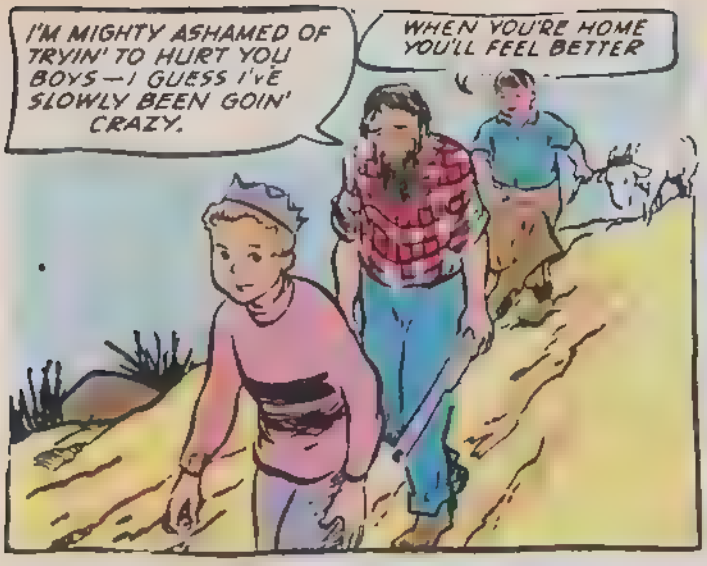
MAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

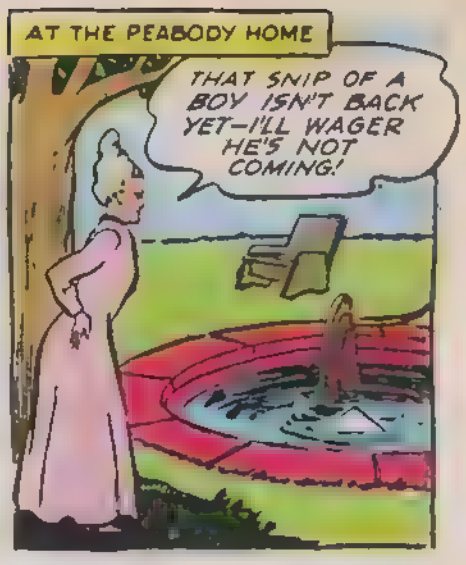

YO HOOOHOOOOO WOW!

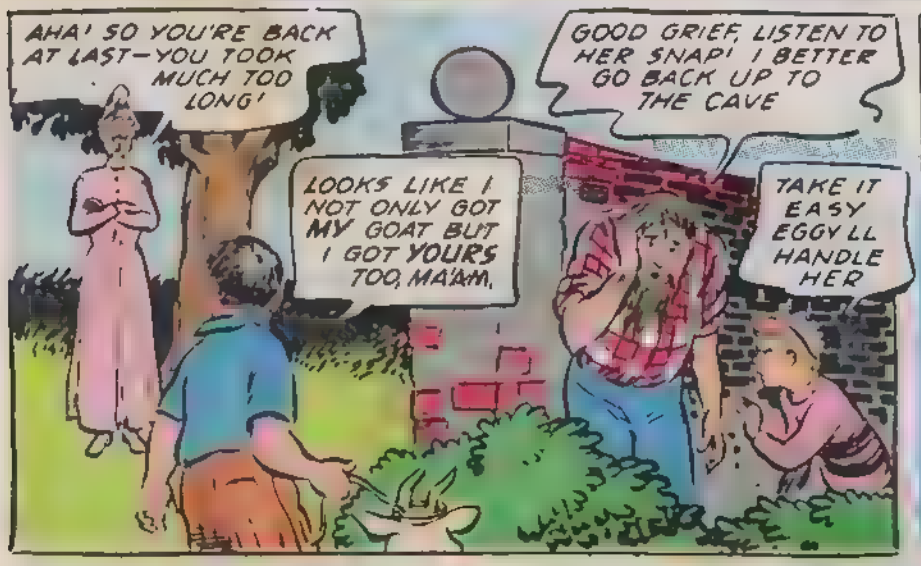

THANKS FOR THE GUN, MISTER. GOOD THING YOU HELD ONTO THE LADDER—COME DOWN EASY—WE HAVE TO USE THAT LADDER TO GET BACK UP.

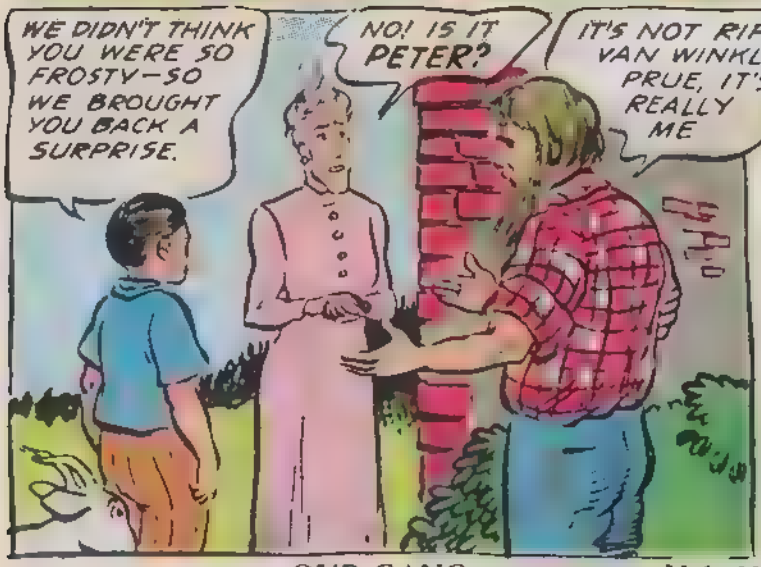

IF THIS HAS BEEN YOUR HOME, WE'RE SORRY TO HAVE BROKEN IN—BUT TELL ME, AREN'T YOU PETER PEABODY?
HOW'D YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE OLD MR PEABODY WHO DIED—AND PETER PEABODY HAS BEEN MISSING FOR YEARS—AND BESIDES, "PETER PEABODY" IS CARVED ON THIS GUN STOCK
YES, IT'S TRUE—MY SISTER AND I QUARRELED BITTERLY ABOUT THE ESTATE AND I'M NEVER GOING BACK THERE. YOU KIDS CLEAR OUT—AND I'LL MOVE ALONG TO A NEW PLACE.
TAKE YOUR HANDS DOWN, MR. PEABODY.
THERE'S YOUR GUN BACK—HELP ME SET UP THE LADDER
EGGHEAD CAN TELL YOU THAT YOUR SISTER, MISS PEABODY, IS PRETTY SQUARE—WHY NOT GO BACK AND STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR OLD QUARREL WITH HER?
YOU KIDS ARE THE FIRST PEOPLE TO TREAT ME SQUARE IN A LONG TIME.
WE'RE THE FIRST PEOPLE TO EVEN SEE YOU IN A LONG TIME.
YOUR SISTER SEEMS REGULAR—IF YOU GO BACK YOU'LL MAKE HER HAPPY, I'LL BET—SHE SEEMS LONESOME.

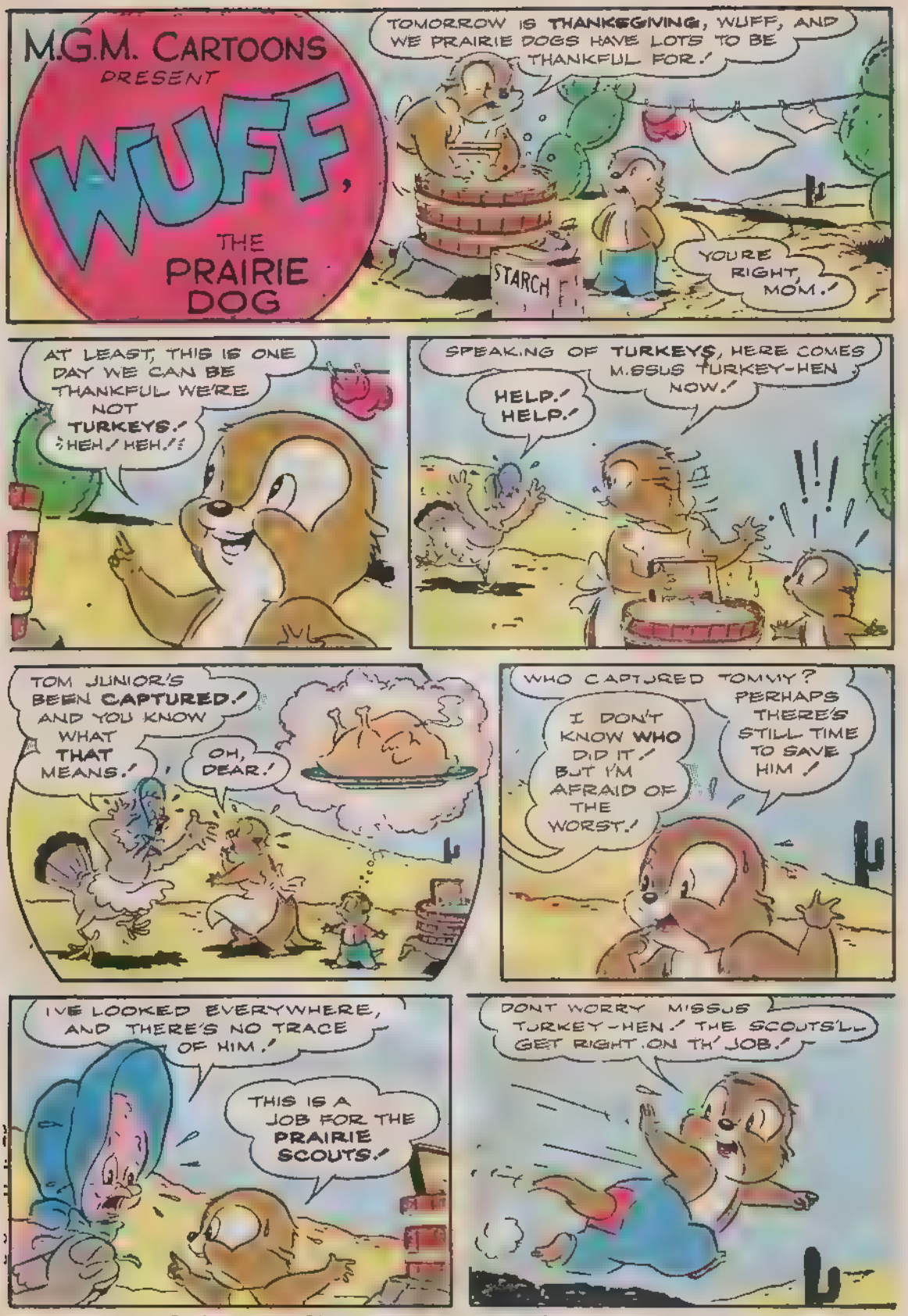




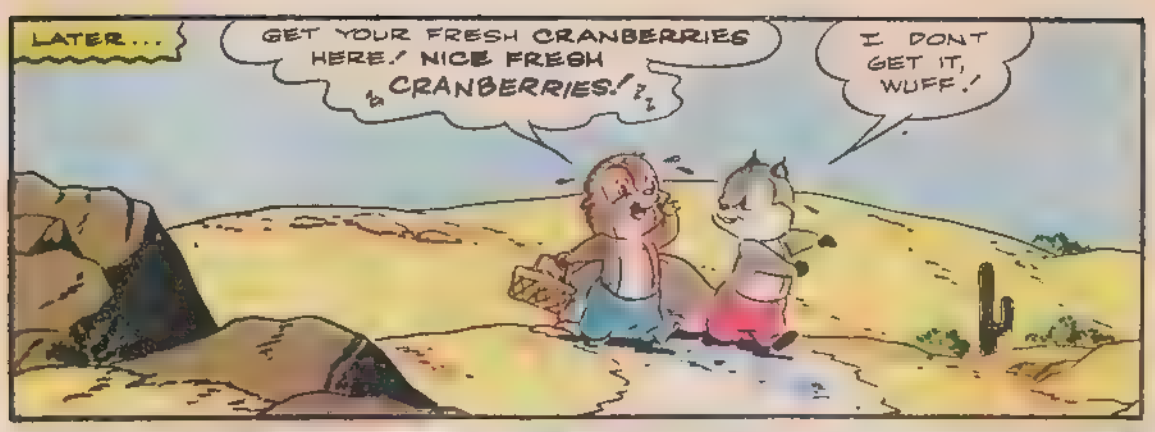


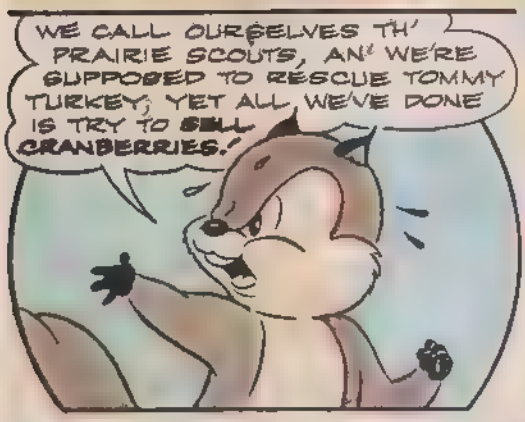


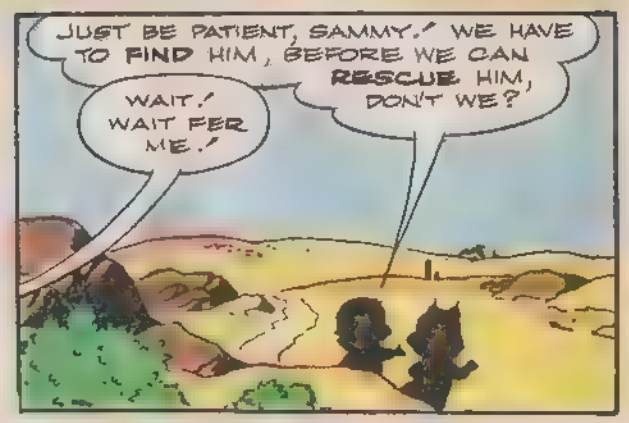
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

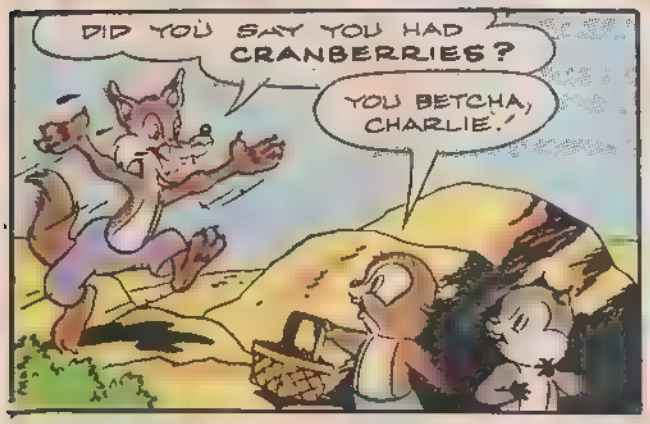


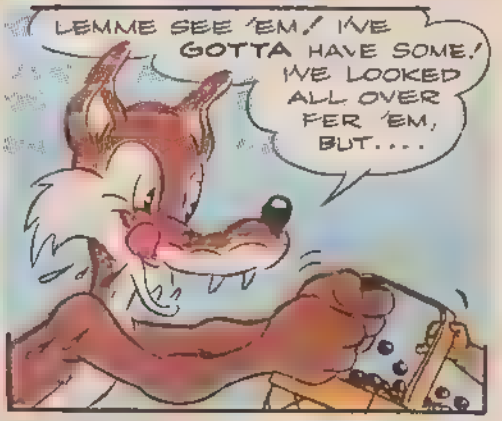
Order your Christmas gift now. See the back cover.

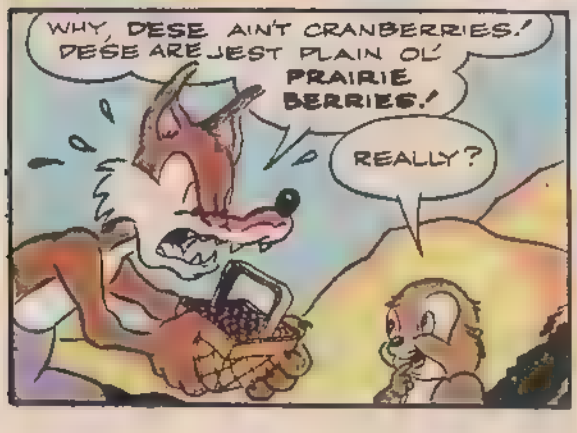

LATER...
GET YOUR FRESH CRANBERRIES HERE! NICE FRESH CRANBERRIES!
I DONT GET IT, WUFF!

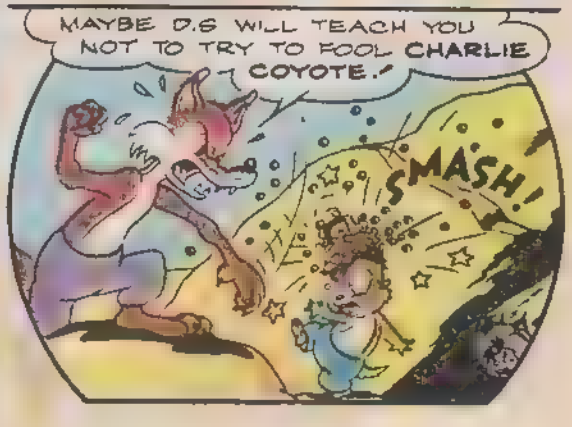

WE CALL OURSELVES TH' PRAIRIE SCOUTS, AN' WE'RE SUPPOSED TO RESCUE TOMMY TURKEY; YET ALL WE'VE DONE IS TRY TO SELL CRANBERRIES!

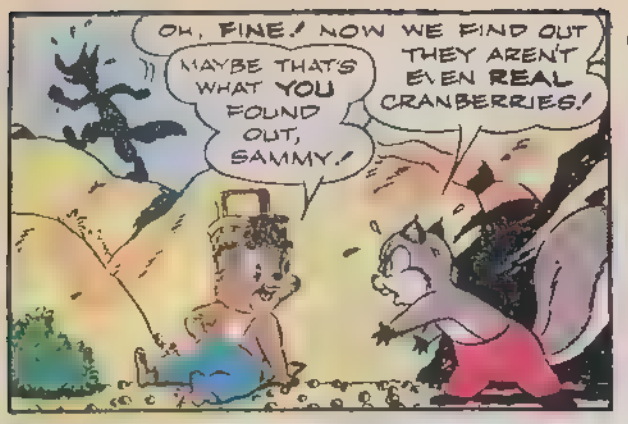

JUST BE PATIENT, SAMMY! WE HAVE TO FIND HIM, BEFORE WE CAN RESCUE HIM, DON'T WE?
WAIT! WAIT FER ME!

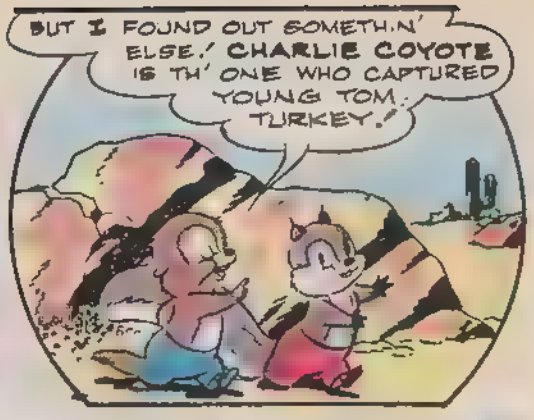

DID YOU SAY YOU HAD CRANBERRIES?
YOU BETCHA, CHARLIE!

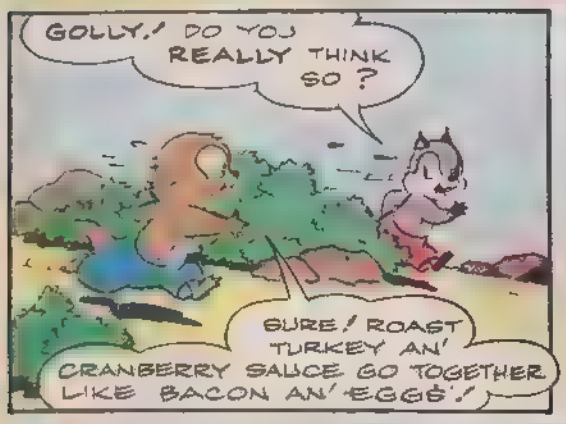

LEMME SEE 'EM! I'VE GOTTA HAVE SOME! I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER FER 'EM, BUT....

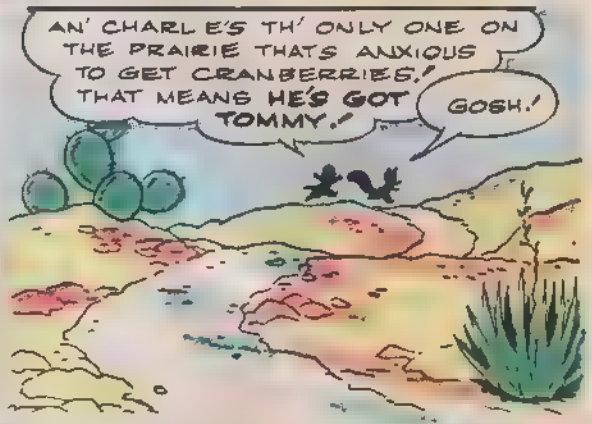

WHY, DESE AIN'T CRANBERRIES! DESE ARE JEST PLAIN OL' PRAIRIE BERRIES!
REALLY?

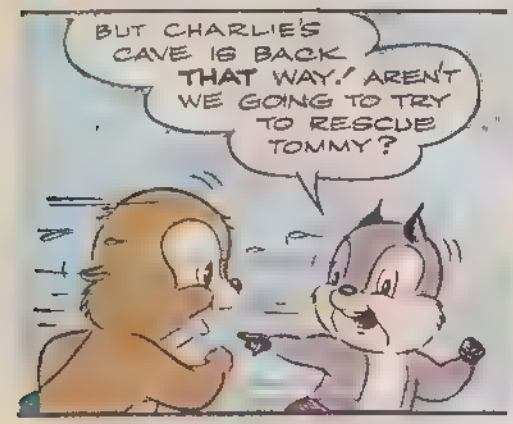

MAYBE D.S WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO TRY TO FOOL CHARLIE COYOTE!
SMASH!

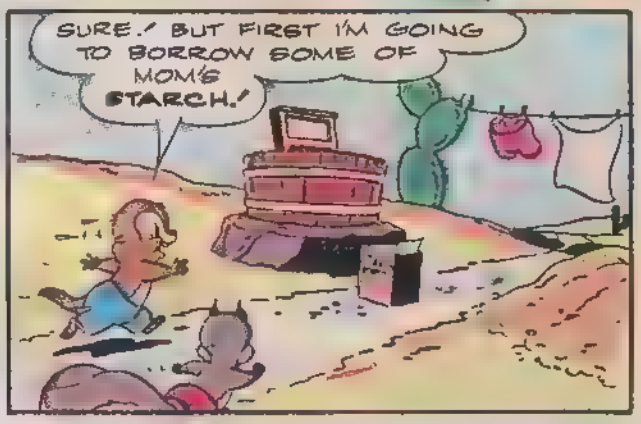

OH, FINE! NOW WE FIND OUT THEY AREN'T EVEN REAL CRANBERRIES!
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT YOU FOUND OUT, SAMMY!

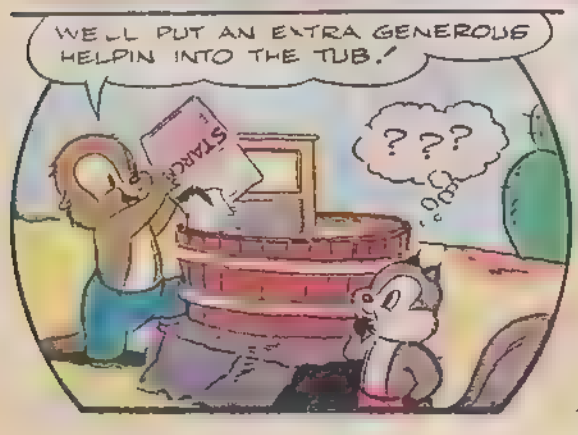

BUT I FOUND OUT SOMETH'N' ELSE! CHARLIE COYOTE IS TH' ONE WHO CAPTURED YOUNG TOM TURKEY!

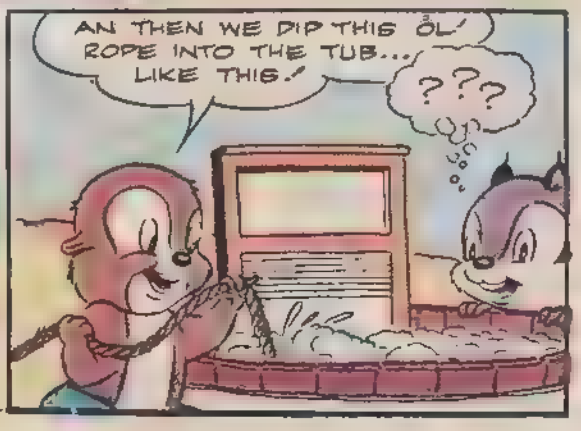

GOLLY! DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?
SURE! ROAST TURKEY AN' CRANBERRY SAUCE GO TOGETHER LIKE BACON AN' EGGS!

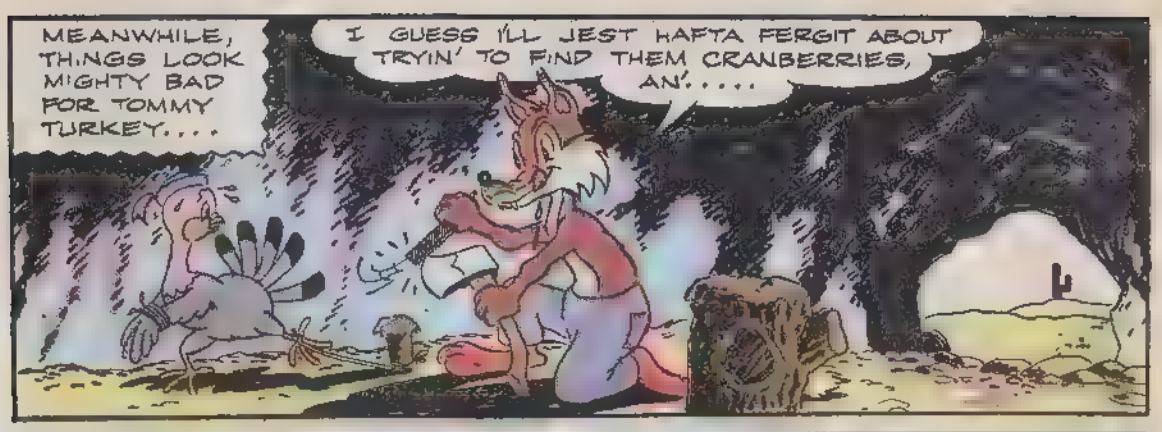

AN' CHARLIE'S TH' ONLY ONE ON THE PRAIRIE THAT'S ANXIOUS TO GET CRANBERRIES! THAT MEANS HE'S GOT TOMMY!
GOSH!

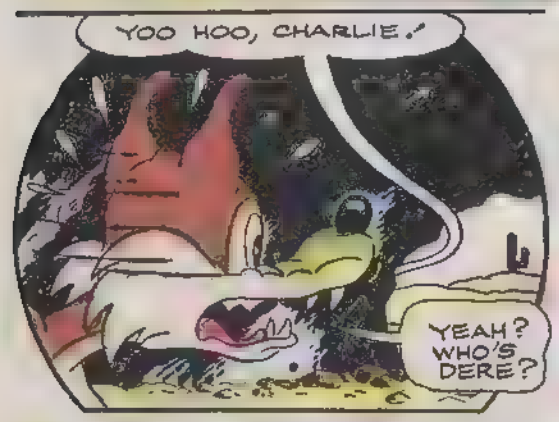

BUT CHARLIE'S CAVE IS BACK THAT WAY! AREN'T WE GOING TO TRY TO RESCUE TOMMY?

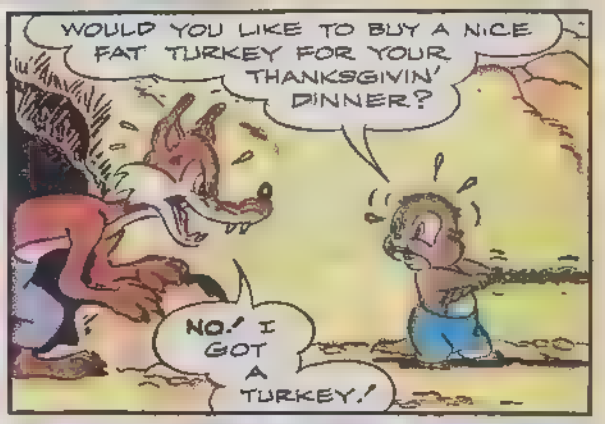

SURE! BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO BORROW SOME OF MOM'S STARCH!

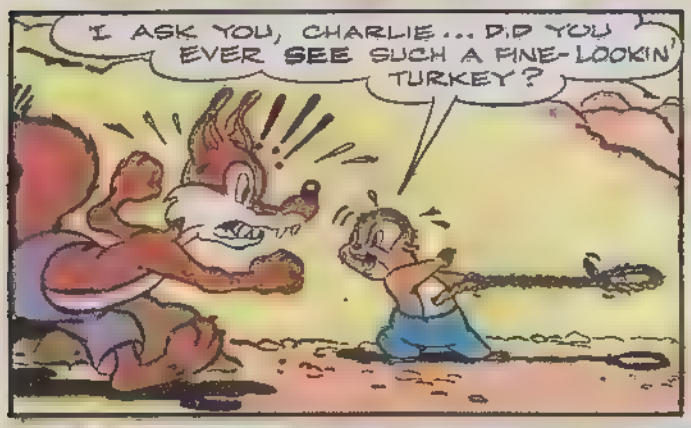

WE'LL PUT AN EXTRA GENEROUS HELPIN INTO THE TUB!
STARCH
???

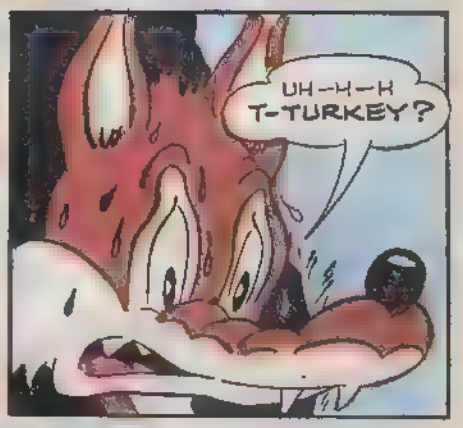

AN THEN WE DIP THIS OL' ROPE INTO THE TUB... LIKE THIS!
???

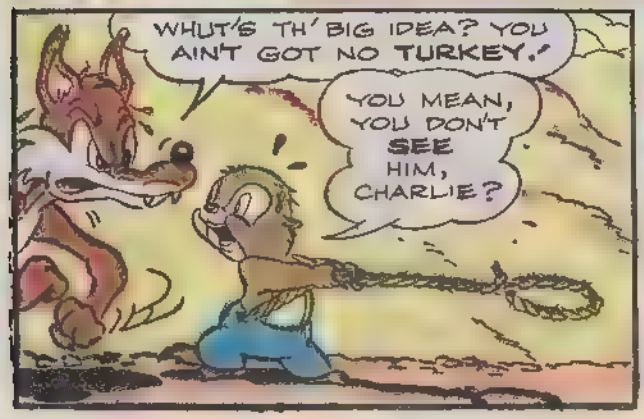

MEANWHILE, THINGS LOOK MIGHTY BAD FOR TOMMY TURKEY....
I GUESS I'LL JEST HAFTA FERGIT ABOUT TRYIN' TO FIND THEM CRANBERRIES, AN'.....

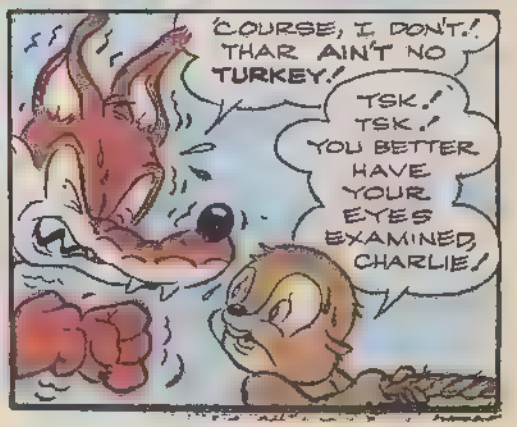

YOO HOO, CHARLIE!
YEAH? WHO'S DERE?

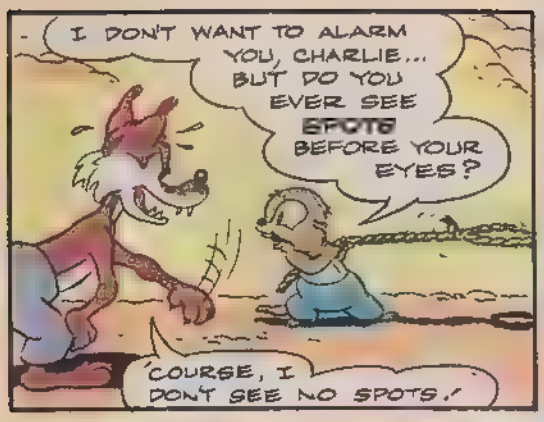

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A NICE FAT TURKEY FOR YOUR THANKSGIVIN' DINNER?
NO! I GOT A TURKEY!

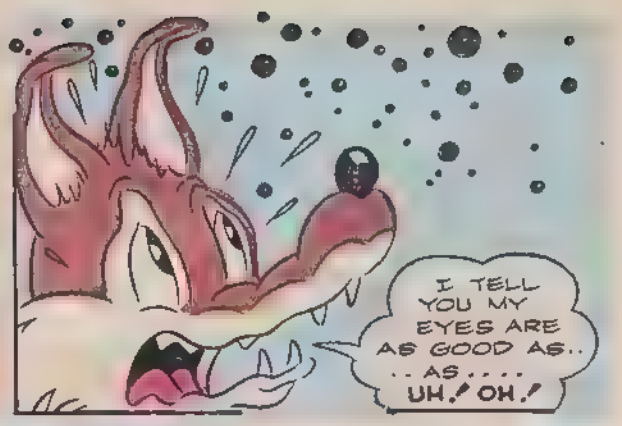

I ASK YOU, CHARLIE... DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A FINE-LOOKIN' TURKEY?

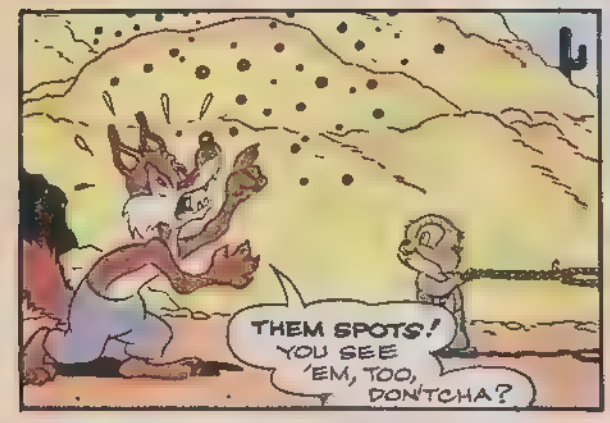

UH-H-H T-TURKEY?

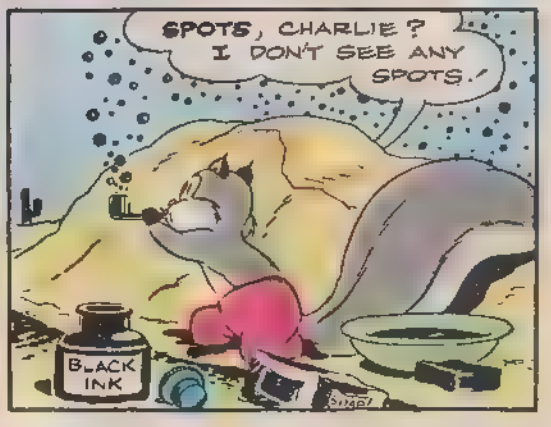

WHUT'S TH' BIG IDEA? YOU AIN'T GOT NO TURKEY!
YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T SEE HIM, CHARLIE?

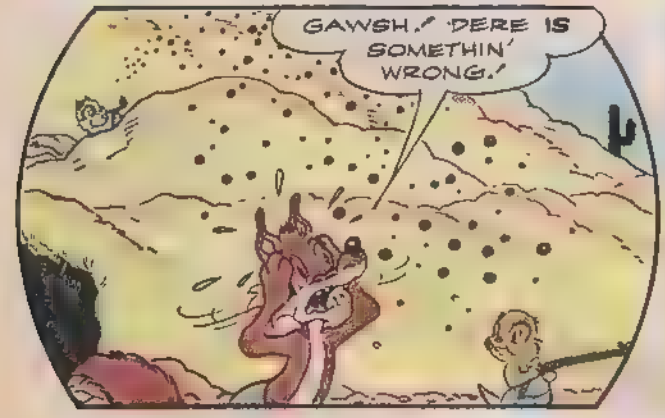

COURSE, I DON'T! THAR AIN'T NO TURKEY!
TSK! TSK! YOU BETTER HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED, CHARLIE!

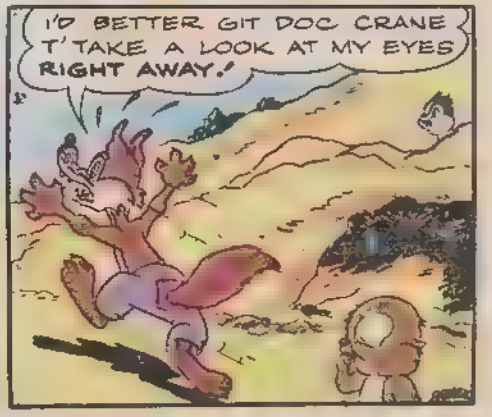

I DON'T WANT TO ALARM YOU, CHARLIE... BUT DO YOU EVER SEE SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES?
'COURSE, I DON'T SEE NO SPOTS.'

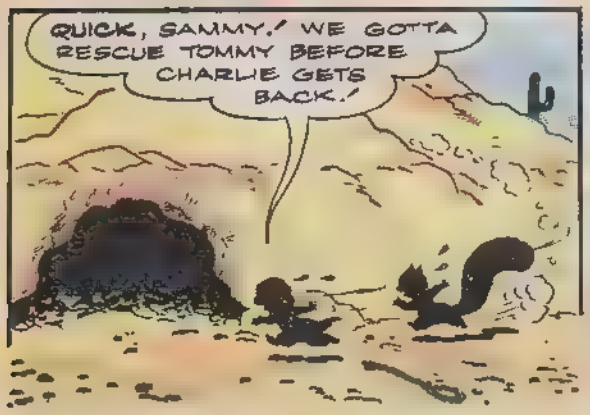

I TELL YOU MY EYES ARE AS GOOD AS.. .. AS.... UH.! OH.!

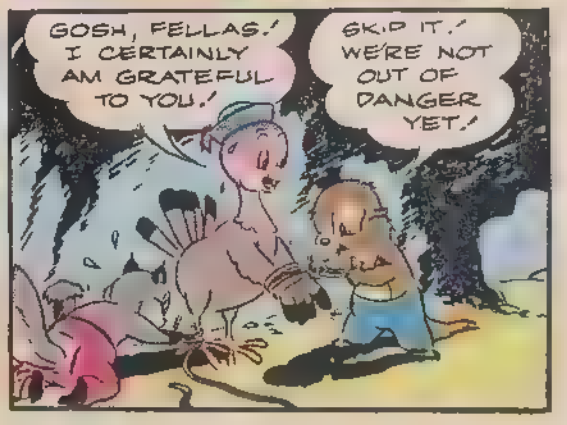

THEM SPOTS! YOU SEE 'EM, TOO, DON'TCHA?


SPOTS, CHARLIE? I DON'T SEE ANY SPOTS.'
BLACK INK


GAWSH.' DERE IS SOMETHIN' WRONG.'


I'D BETTER GIT DOC CRANE T' TAKE A LOOK AT MY EYES RIGHT AWAY.'


QUICK, SAMMY.' WE GOTTA RESCUE TOMMY BEFORE CHARLIE GETS BACK.'


GOSH, FELLAS.' I CERTAINLY AM GRATEFUL TO YOU.'
SKID IT.' WE'RE NOT OUT OF DANGER YET.'

M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Arm in arm, Jerry and Tuffy were on their way home after a very pleasant day spent visiting a distant relative. The relative was distant because he lived in a house that was almost a whole block from where Jerry and Tuffy lived. It was a long journey, and the two little mice were happy when they began to recognize familiar landmarks that meant they were getting close to home.

"Look! There's our rosebush," squeaked Tuffy, pointing to a towering rosebush in the corner of the garden.

"Yeh, and there's our ol' garden spray," whooped Jerry. "We're almost home."

That morning, before starting their long journey, Tuffy had suggested that they leave their house by the front door and walk on the sidewalk. But Jerry, more cautious, pointed out that this would be very dangerous. Stray cats and dogs and people passed back and forth on the sidewalk, and, as there were no hiding places on a sidewalk, it just wouldn't be safe for mice.

Tuffy agreed, and it was decided that they travel by way of the back yards. This wasn't by any means easy, as they had to fight their way through high grass, climb over rock gardens and even cross a treacherous stream that gushed from a garden hose that someone had left lying on the ground.

So it was little wonder that the two travelers were anxious to get home to their snug little mousehole for a long comfortable snooze.

"Wow! There's our ol' garbage pail," shouted Tuffy, as he parted the grass at the edge of the lawn.

"Shhh," hissed Jerry. "Maybe Tom's around. He might hear you." Jerry referred to the big tomcat whose job it was to keep the house rid of mice.

Tom always bragged to the other cats about his skill in mouse-catching. But the other cats laughed behind his back because they knew that Tom never had been able to catch Jerry and Tuffy.

Now the two weary travelers made for their little private entrance in the screen door—a very small opening in the corner of the screen which nobody else knew about. Jerry poked his head into this hole—that is, he TRIED to poke his head into the hole, but his head stopped with a little "pok" and he fell back into the arms of Tuffy, who was right behind him.

"Ow! Wh-what hit me?" yelled Jerry, feeling his head.

"I dunno," said Tuffy. "Are you all right?"

"I-I guess so. I must've run into something," muttered Jerry.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! O boy, did I fool you guys this time!" It was Tom's rasping voice, and it came from the other side of the screen door.

"Its TOM!" chorused the little mice.

"And look!" Tuffy yelled indignantly, "He's got something pushed up against our hole!"

Sure enough, Tom had managed to push a milk bottle against the hole in the screen. This was what Jerry had knocked his head against.

"Get that bottle away from there, you big hunk of moth-eaten fur!" raged Tuffy.

"No, no," said Jerry, pulling Tuffy away. "We'll have to find another way to get in. Quick, let's run around to the front entrance and crawl under the door."

Off they scampered as fast as their tired little legs would carry them. They had to reach the front door before Tom guessed what they were up to. But Tom didn't have to guess—he KNEW—because his sharp ears had overheard what Jerry had said.

Quick as flash, Tom raced through the house and came to a scratching stop in the hall before the front door.

Glancing around, his eyes fell on a small rug which he quickly shoved up to the door and jammed in the narrow space through which Jerry and Tuffy hoped to enter.

Seconds later, the mice mounted the steps of the front porch and streaked toward the opening under the door. But the same thing happened that had happened to Jerry a short while before. This time BOTH mice ran full tilt into the edge of the rug and bounced half way back on the porch.

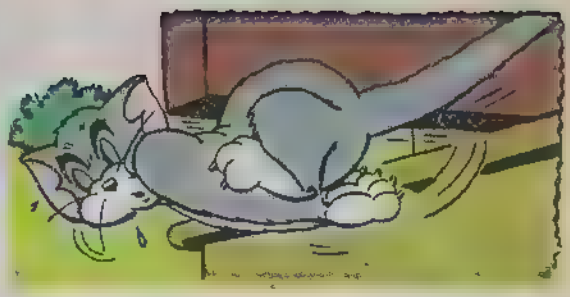
"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" That same jeering laugh floated out from under the door.

The dazed little mice sat up and looked at each other. "Could it be that ol' Tom is getting too SMART for us?" asked Jerry.

"Too SMART for us?" shouted Tuffy. "Never."

"Well, let's give this matter a think," said Jerry, as he clasped his hands behind his back, furrowed his brow and walked around in a little circle. Suddenly he stopped, motioned to Tuffy to follow him and tiptoed off the porch.

Jerry was whispering excitedly to Tuffy as they disappeared around the



corner of the house in the direction of the back door.

Tom, hearing them go, guessed that they were going around to the back again, so he raced through the house once more and settled himself by the back door. He could clearly hear the little mice discussing their predicament.

"Well, I guess ol' Tom outsmarted us THIS time," Jerry was saying.

"Yeh, he's just too sharp for us, that's all," grumbled Tuffy.

"We might as well settle ourselves out here for the night— Hey! What's that hanging out of the garbage pail?"

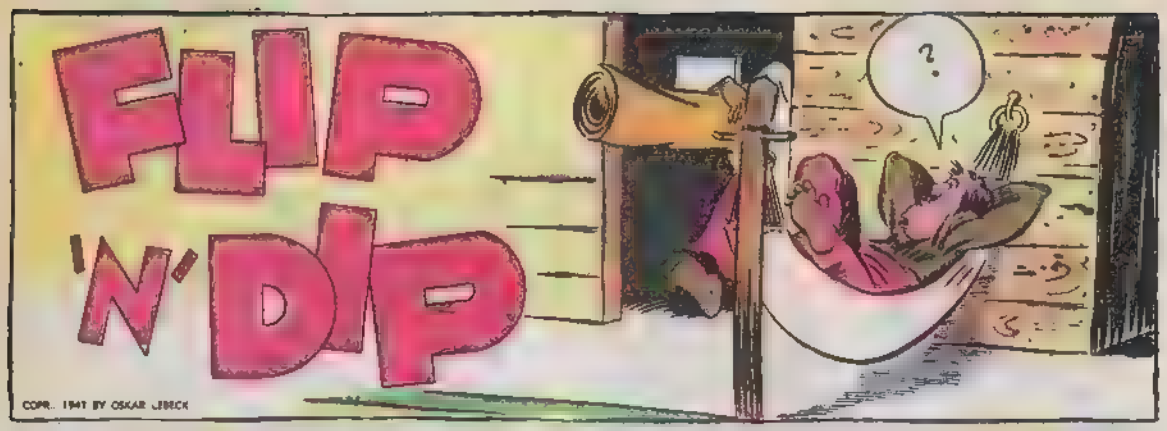
"What? Oh, that? I-I didn't notice that before," squeaked Tuffy. "It looks like—"

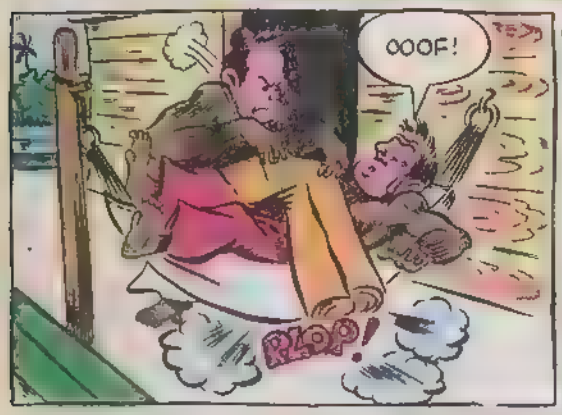
"Gosh, it's a big juicy piece of LIVER!" shouted Jerry. "Uh-oh. Let's keep our voices down. Tom might hear us. C'mon, let's dine."

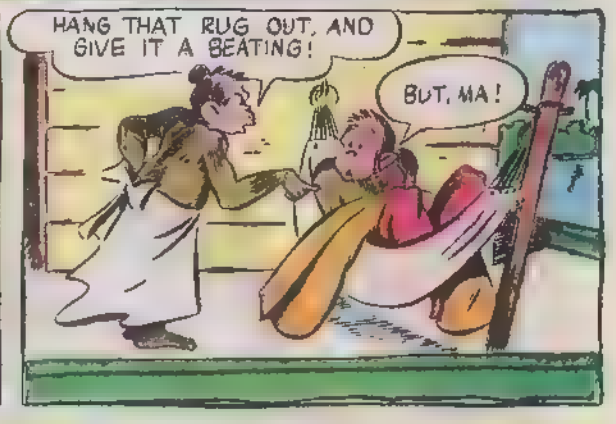
There was nothing in the world Tom liked better than liver. His eyes bulged. His nose quivered and then he could stand it no longer. With a mighty leap he threw himself against the screen door which burst open and sent him sprawling out into the night.

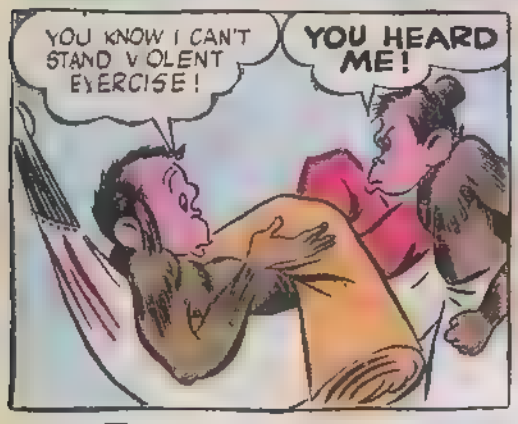
He picked himself up and frantically ran around the garbage pail. But there was no liver.

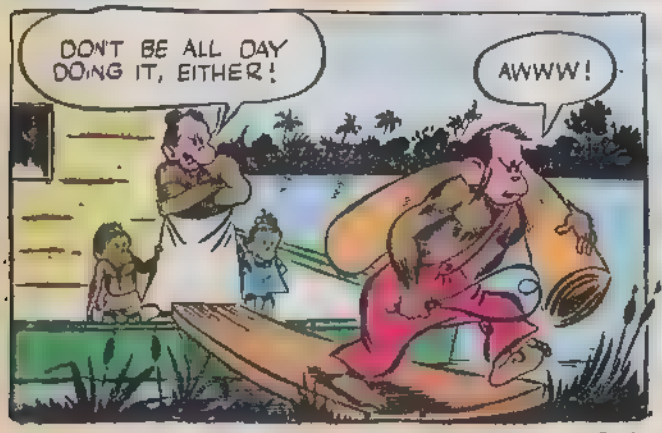
"Ha, ha, ha, ha," came from inside the screen door. Tom whirled around and dashed back to the door but he knew it was too late. He had been tricked. The mice had slipped in when the door was open. Now THEY were inside and HE was outside.

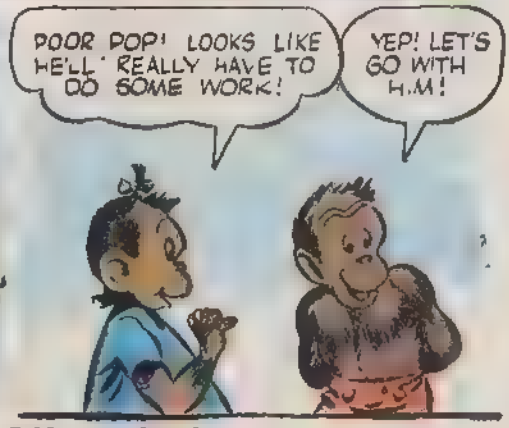












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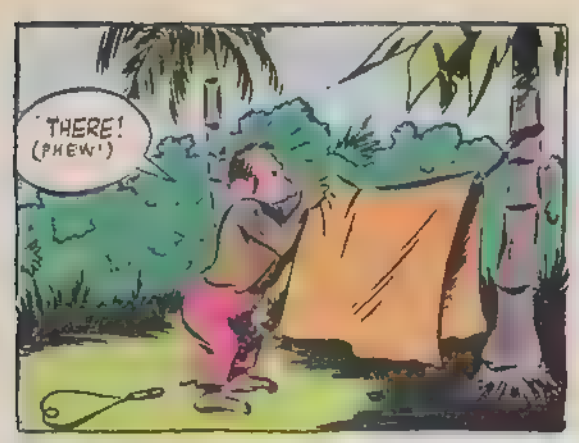
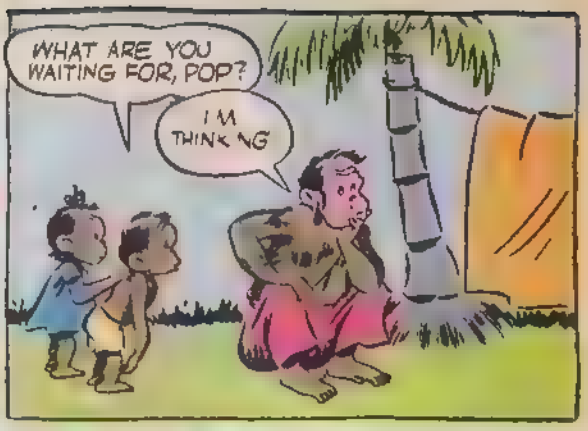
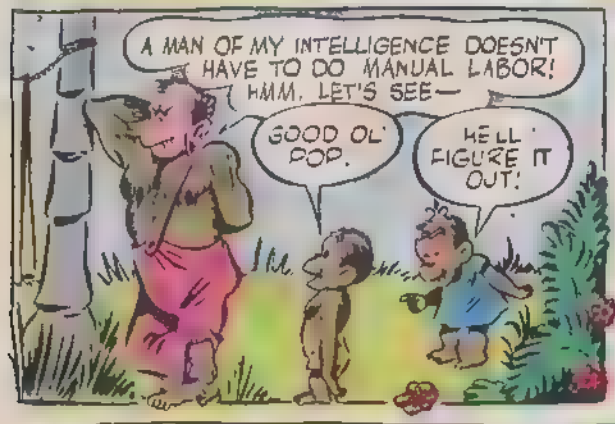
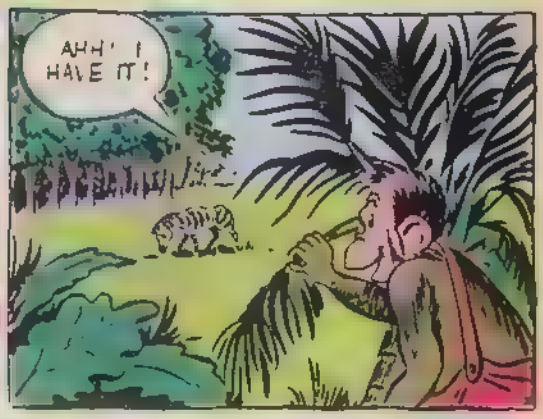
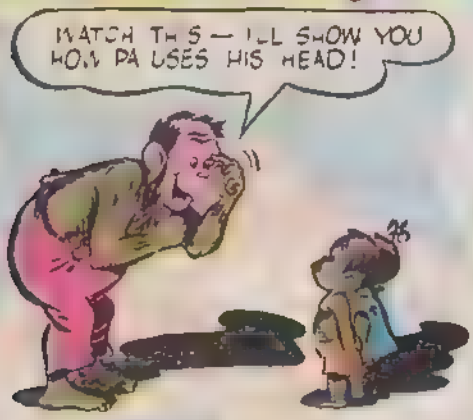
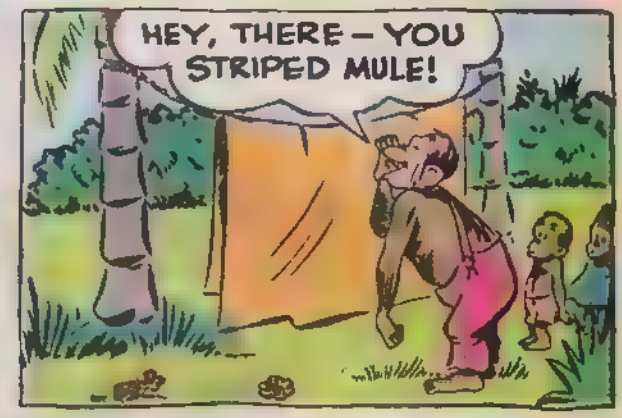

THERE! (PHEW!)


WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, POP?
I'M THINKING

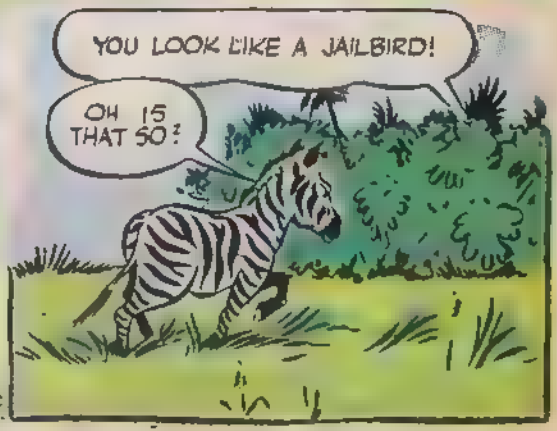

A MAN OF MY INTELLIGENCE DOESN'T HAVE TO DO MANUAL LABOR! HMM, LET'S SEE—
GOOD OL' POP.
HE'LL FIGURE IT OUT!


AHH! I HAVE IT!


WATCH THIS — I'LL SHOW YOU HOW PA USES HIS HEAD!

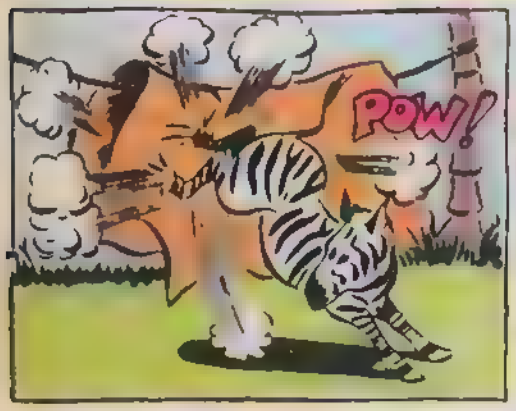

HEY, THERE — YOU STRIPED MULE!

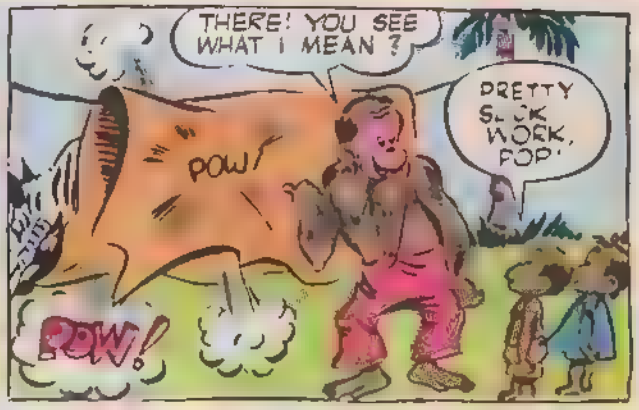
MULE?
YEAH! THAT'S ALL YOU ARE!

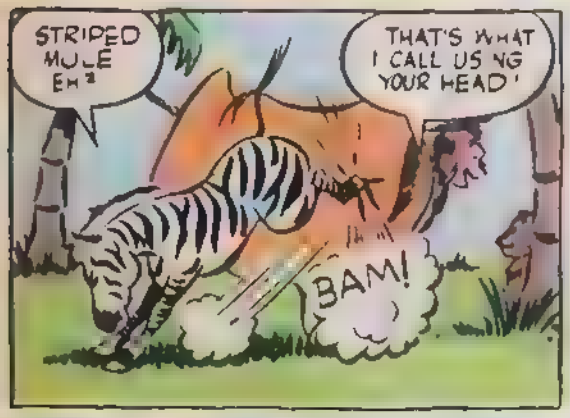

YOU LOOK LIKE A JAILBIRD!
OH IS THAT SO?

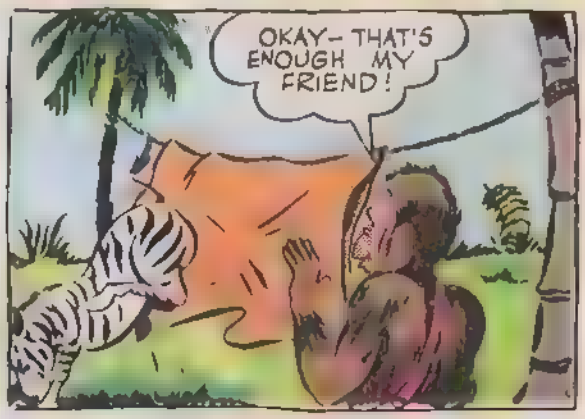
WHO'S CALLING ME NAMES?
I AM!

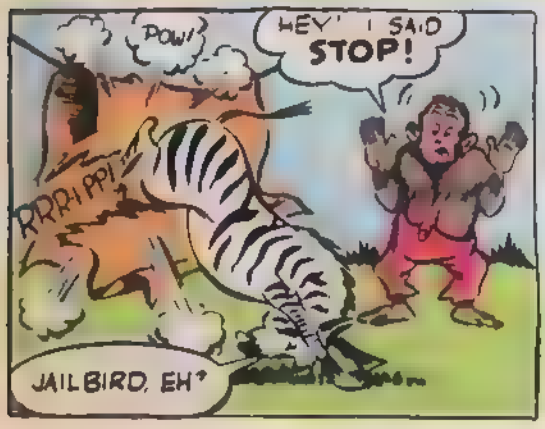
OH, A TALKING RUG, EH? WELL, WE'LL SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT AS WELL AS DISH IT OUT!
YAAA!

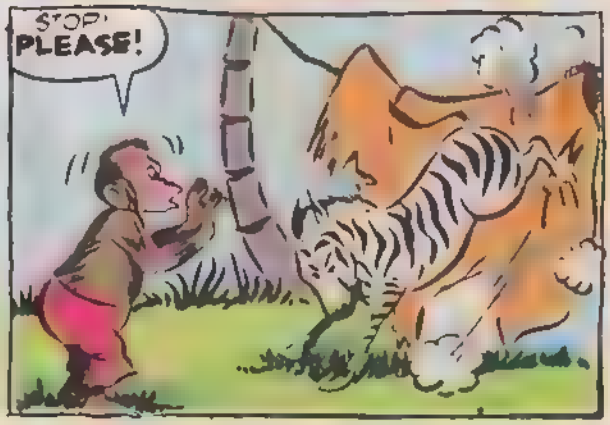

POW!

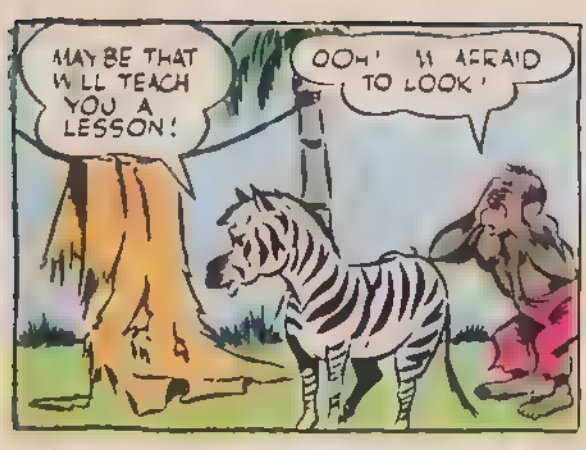

THERE! YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?
POW!
POW!
PRETTY SLICK WORK, POP!


STRIPED MULE EH?
THAT'S WHAT I CALL US NG YOUR HEAD!
BAM!

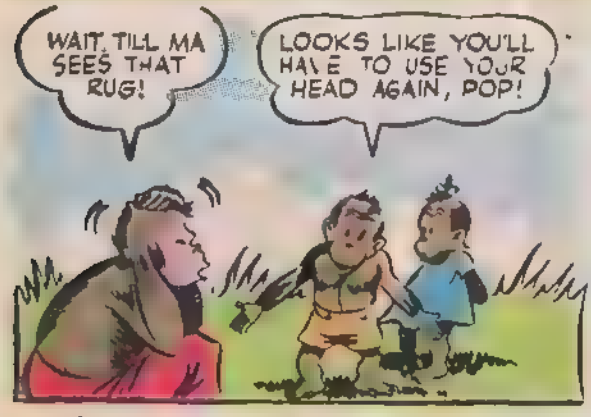

OKAY— THAT'S ENOUGH MY FRIEND!

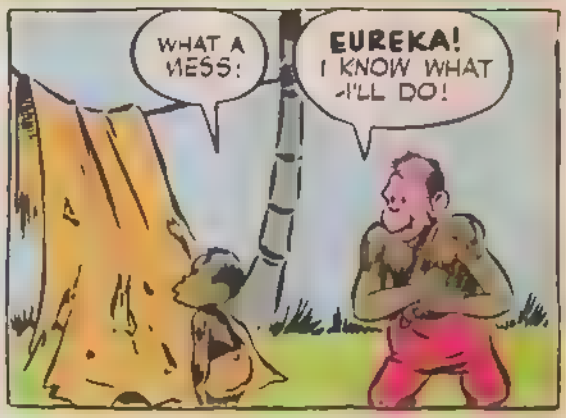

POW!
HEY! I SAID STOP!
RRRIPP!
JAILBIRD, EH?

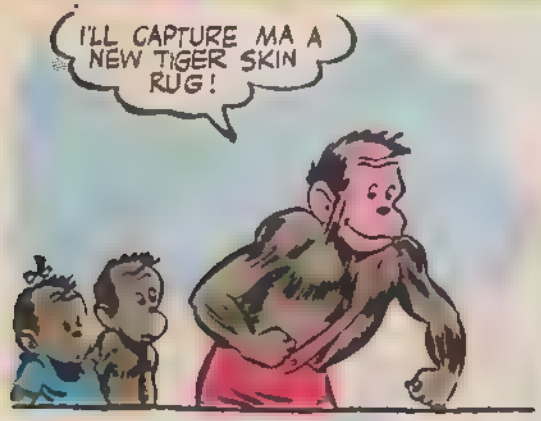

STOP! PLEASE!

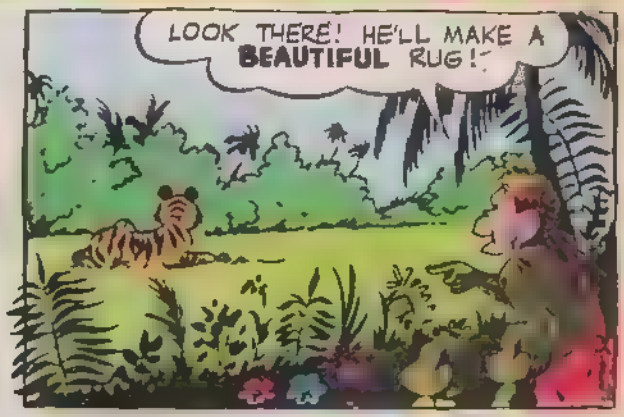

MAYBE THAT WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON!
OOH! I'M AFRAID TO LOOK!

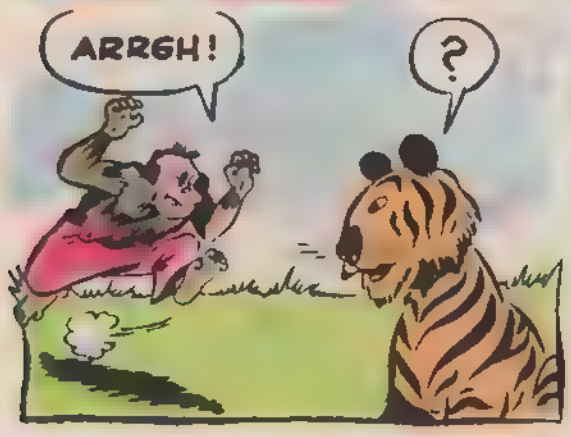
THIS IS AWFUL!
THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT AS YOU EXPECTED, DID THEY? — YOU BIG APE!


WAIT TILL MA SEES THAT RUG!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR HEAD AGAIN, POP!


WHAT A MESS!
EUREKA! I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

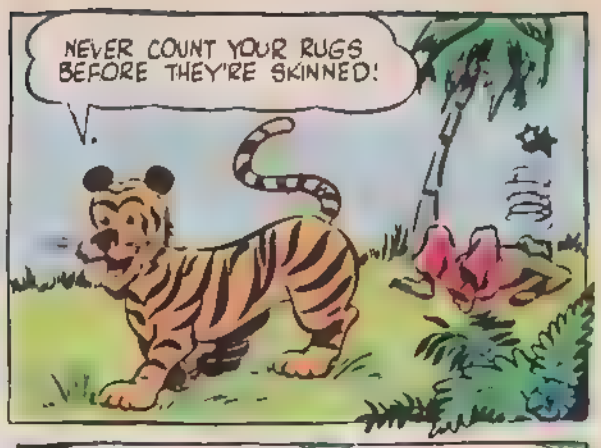

I'LL CAPTURE MA A NEW TIGER SKIN RUG!

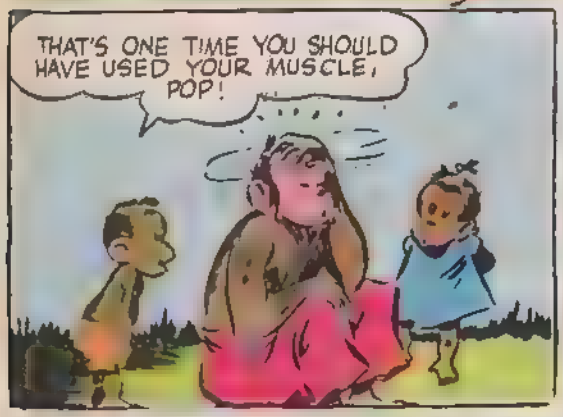

LOOK THERE! HE'LL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL RUG!


ARRGH!
?

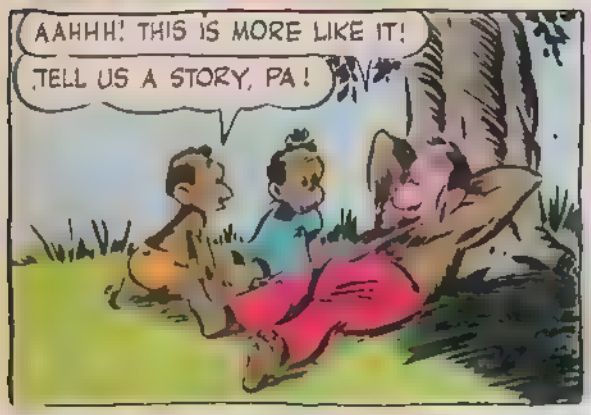
I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU INTO A RUG — GRRR!
YOU DON'T SAY!

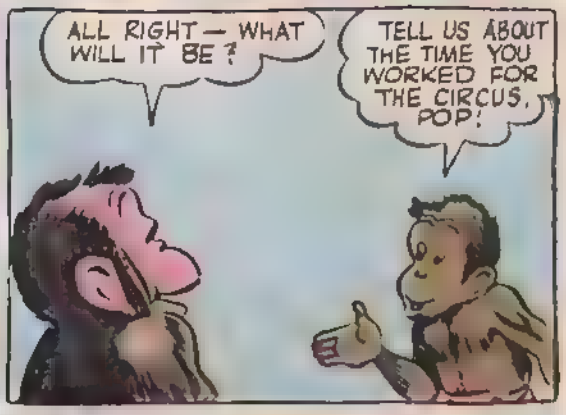
YOU AND WHO ELSE?
SMACK!

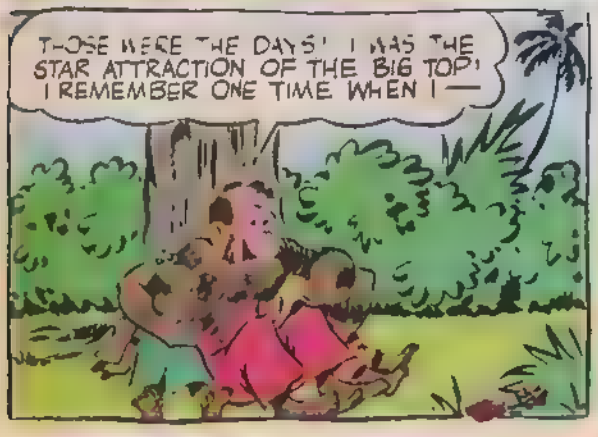

NEVER COUNT YOUR RUGS BEFORE THEY'RE SKINNED!


THAT'S ONE TIME YOU SHOULD HAVE USED YOUR MUSCLE, POP!

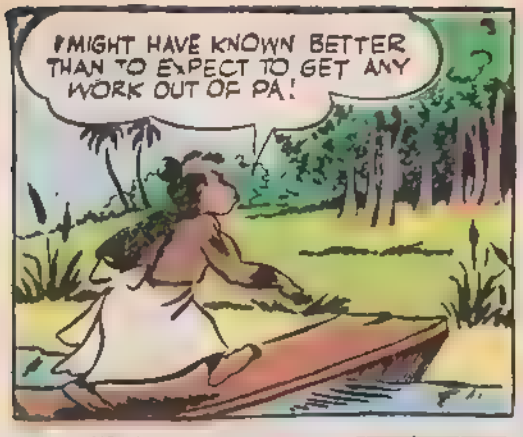
ARE YOU GOING TO USE YOUR HEAD SOME MORE?
NO, I THINK I'LL GIVE IT A REST!


AAHHH! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
TELL US A STORY, PA!

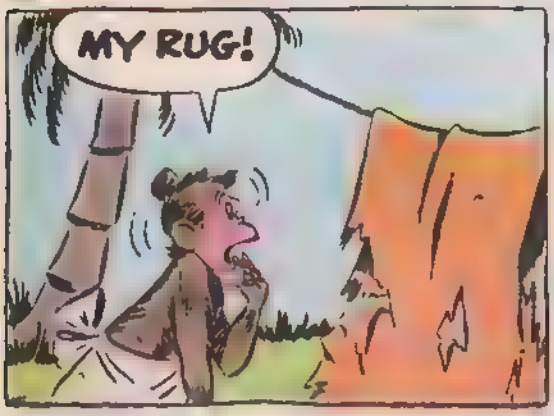

ALL RIGHT — WHAT WILL IT BE?
TELL US ABOUT THE TIME YOU WORKED FOR THE CIRCUS, POP!

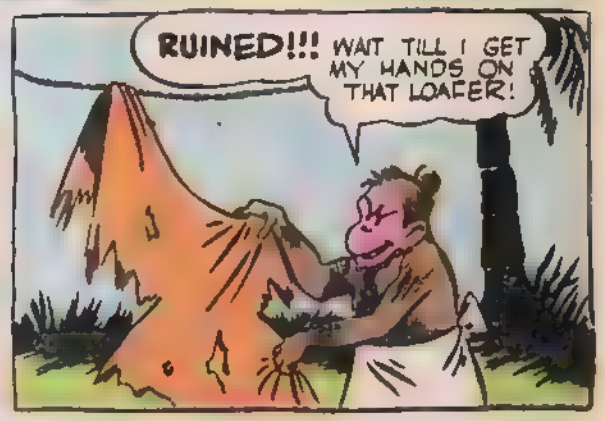

THOSE WERE THE DAYS! I WAS THE STAR ATTRACTION OF THE BIG TOP! I REMEMBER ONE TIME WHEN I —

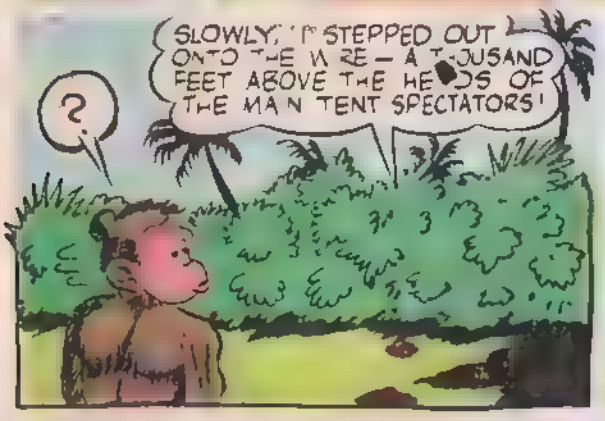
WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT BIG LUMMOX WITH THE RUG IS? IT'S GETTING LATE!

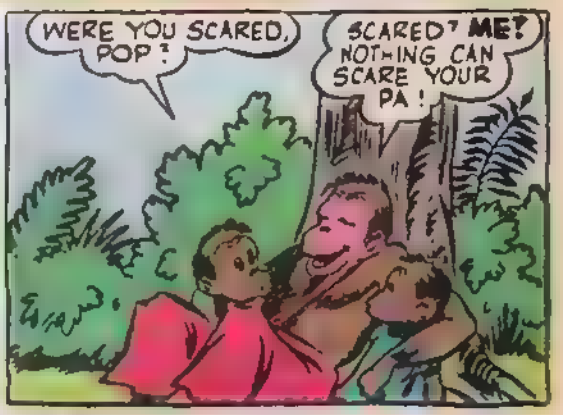

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO EXPECT TO GET ANY WORK OUT OF PA!

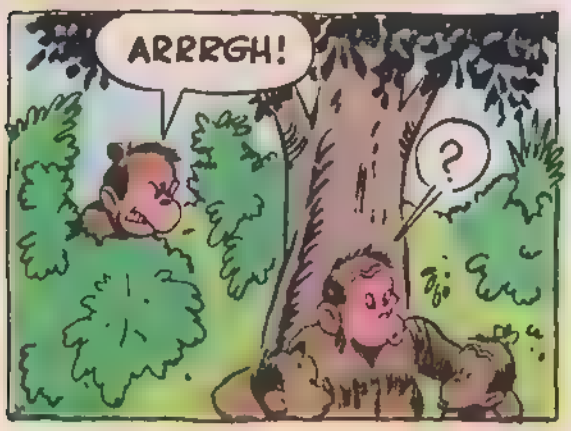
I NEVER KNEW IT TO FAIL THAT — HUH?


MY RUG!

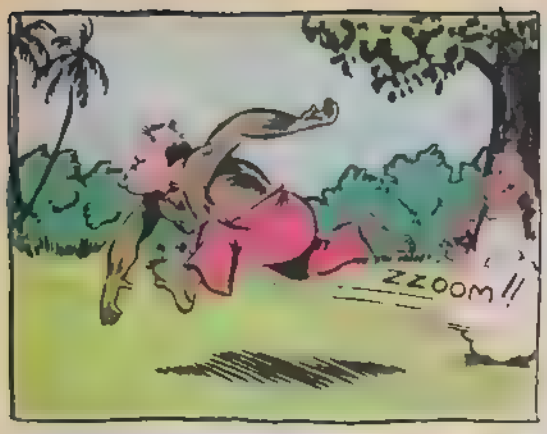

RUINED!!!
WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT LOAFER!

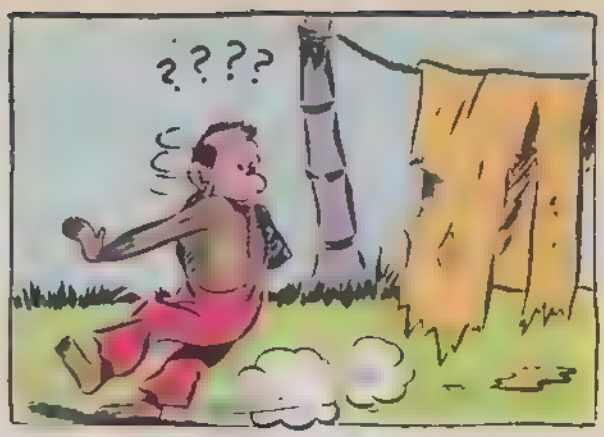

SLOWLY, I STEPPED OUT ONTO THE WIRE — A THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE MAIN TENT SPECTATORS!
?


WERE YOU SCARED, POP?
SCARED? ME? NOTHING CAN SCARE YOUR PA!


ARRRGH!
?

MA!


ZZOOM!!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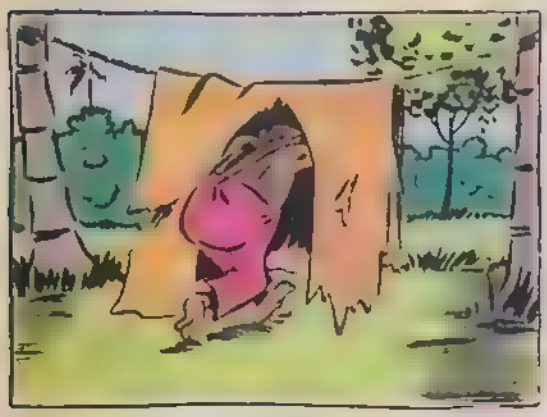
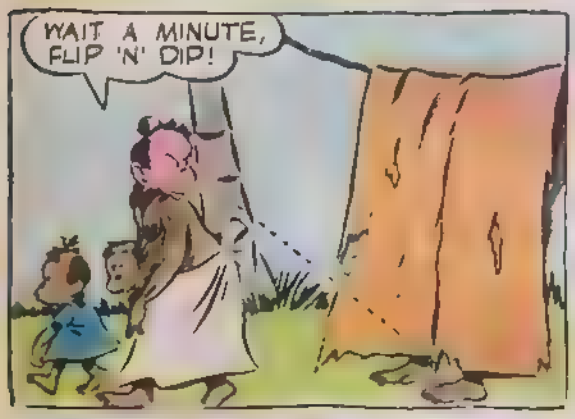
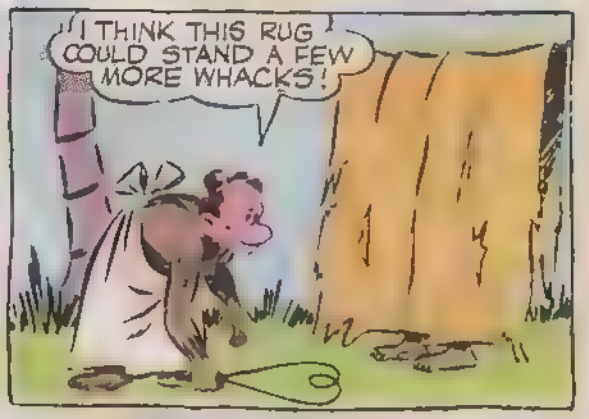
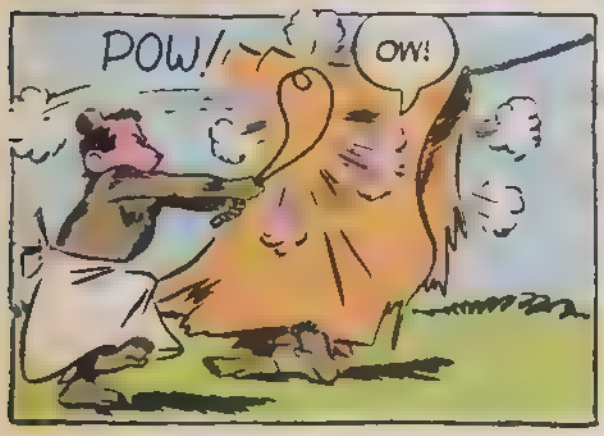
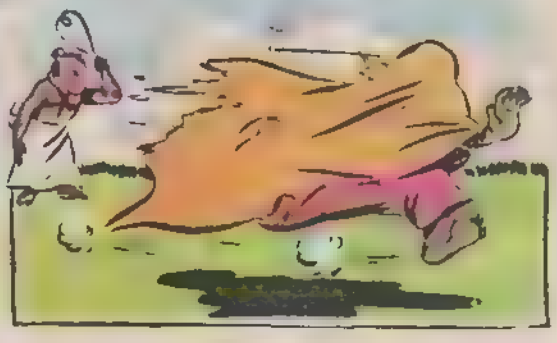


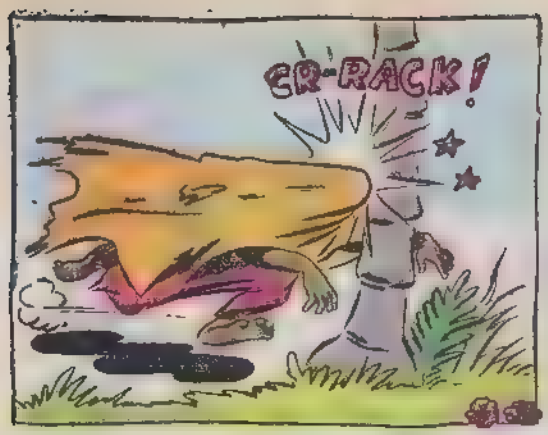
THAT'S THE FASTEST I EVER SAW PA RUN!
HE'D BETTER STAY OUT OF MY SIGHT!

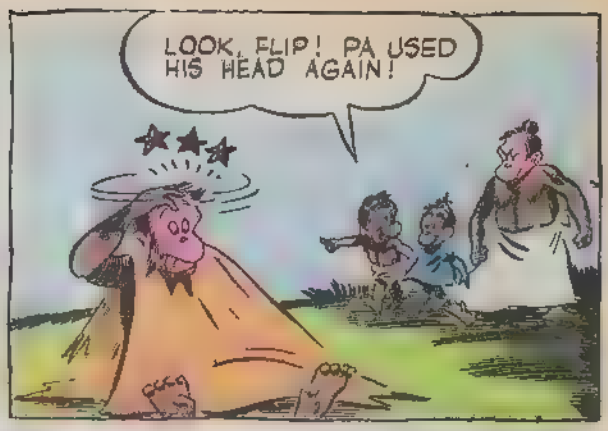

WAIT A MINUTE, FLIP 'N' DIP!

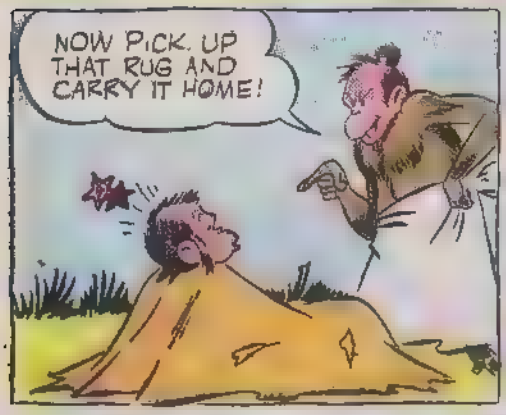

I THINK THIS RUG COULD STAND A FEW MORE WHACKS!


POW!
OW!

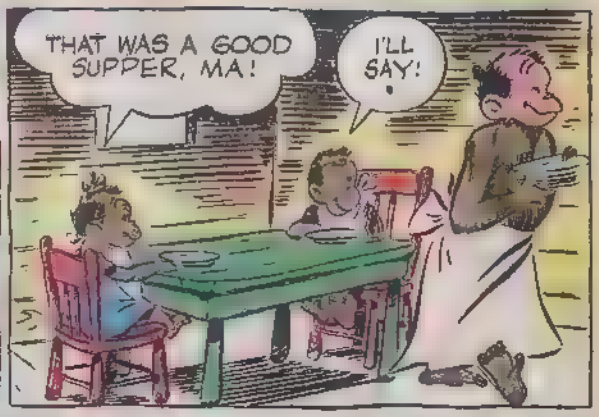


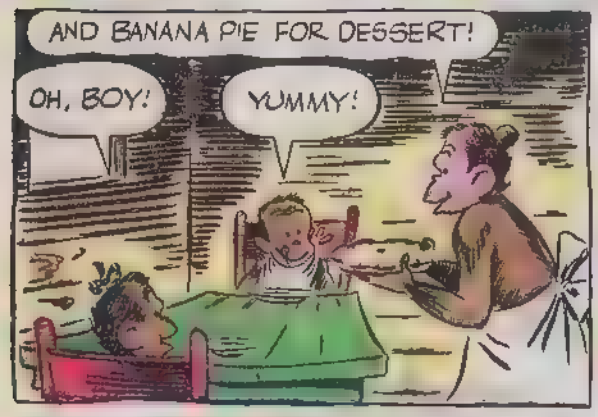

CR-RACK!

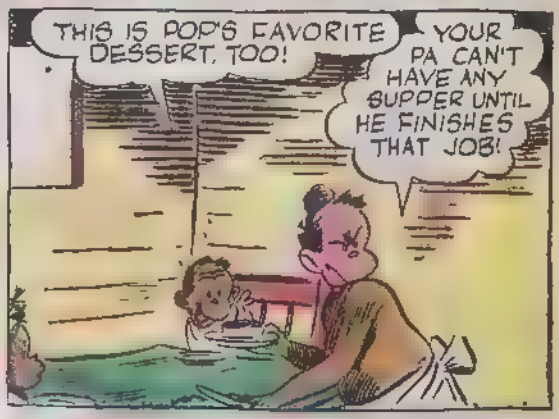

LOOK, FLIP! PA USED HIS HEAD AGAIN!

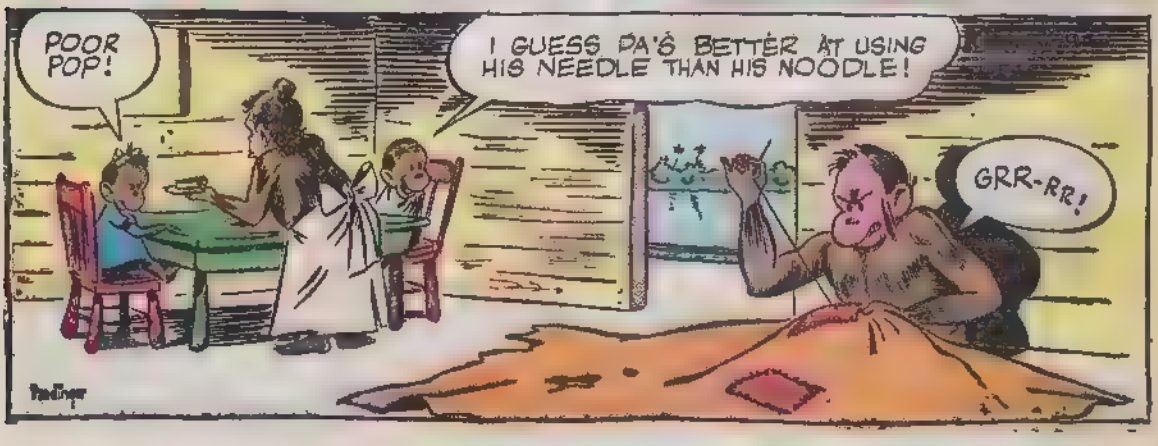

NOW PICK UP THAT RUG AND CARRY IT HOME!

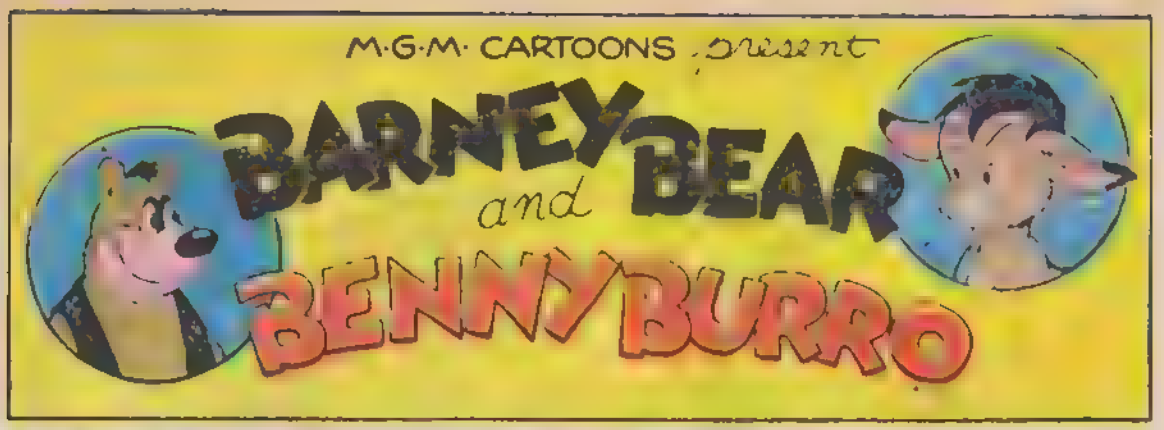
LATER

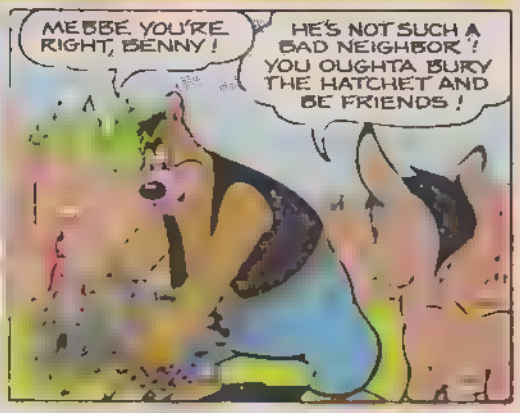

THAT WAS A GOOD SUPPER, MA!
I'LL SAY!

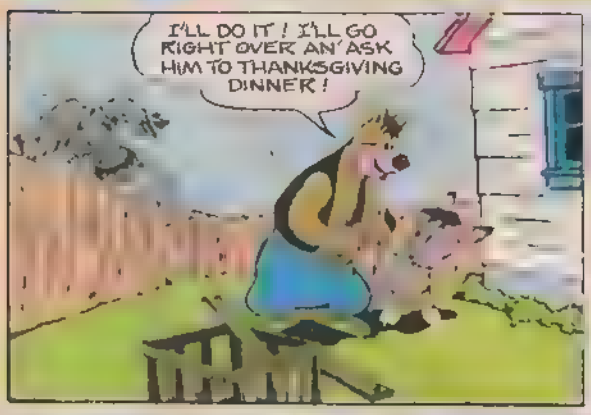

AND BANANA PIE FOR DESSERT!
OH, BOY!
YUMMY!

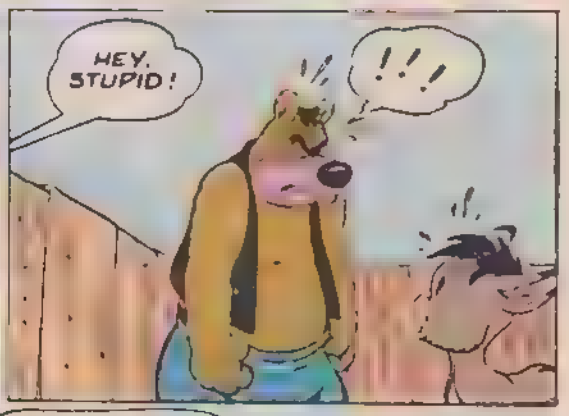

THIS IS POP'S FAVORITE DESSERT, TOO!
YOUR PA CAN'T HAVE ANY SUPPER UNTIL HE FINISHES THAT JOB!

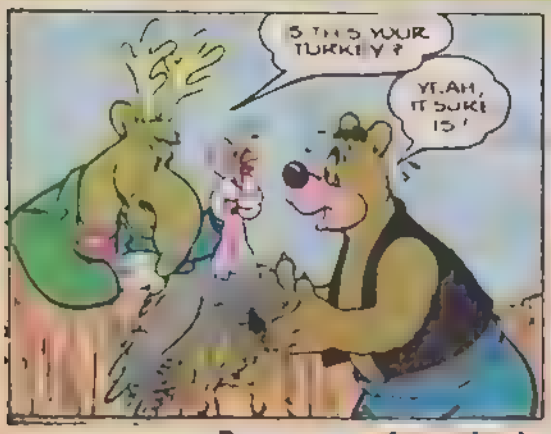

POOR POP!
I GUESS PA'S BETTER AT USING HIS NEEDLE THAN HIS NOODLE!
GRR-RR!

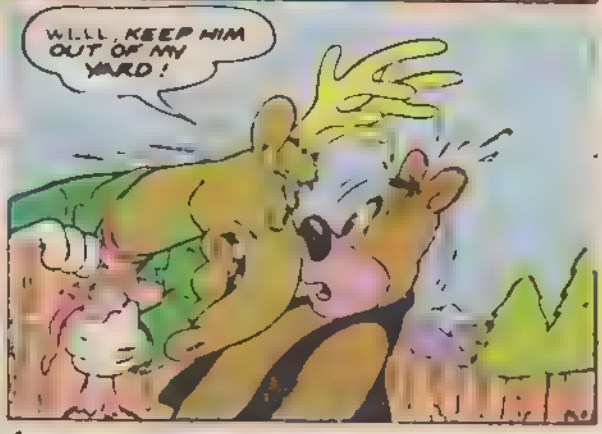




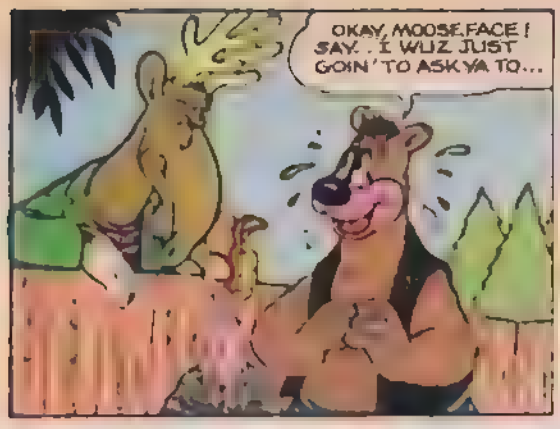






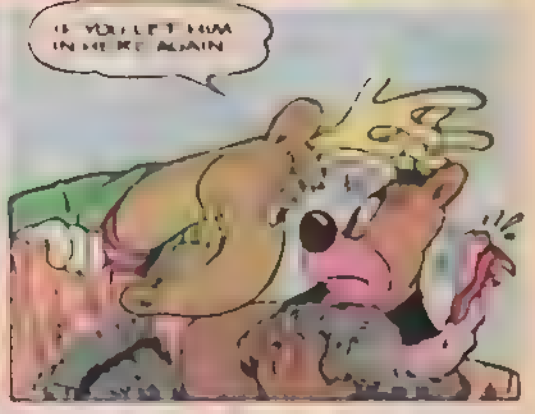


Be sure to show the back cover to your parents.


OKAY, MOOSE FACE! SAY. I WUZ JUST GOIN' TO ASK YA TO...

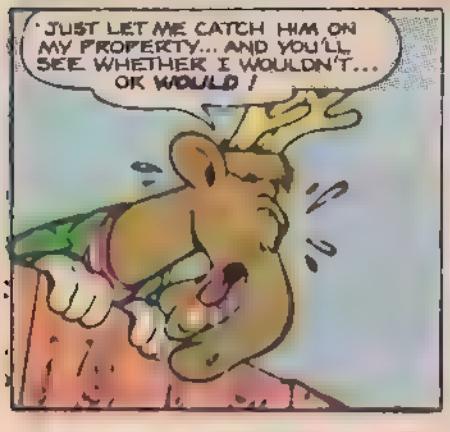
DON'T ASK ME FOR NOTHIN'!

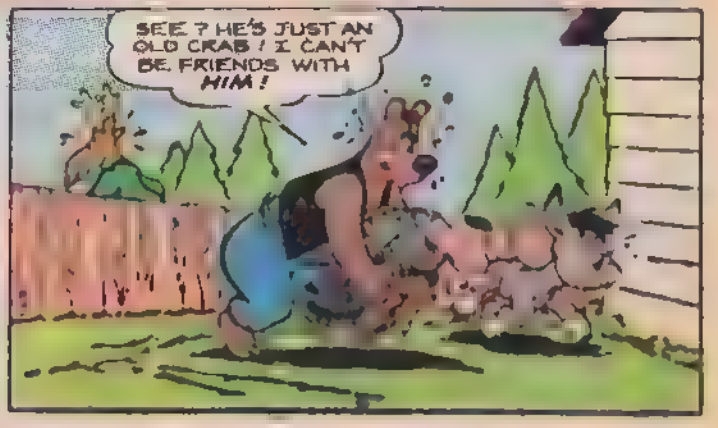
JUST KEEP YOUR TURKEY OUT OF MY YARD!

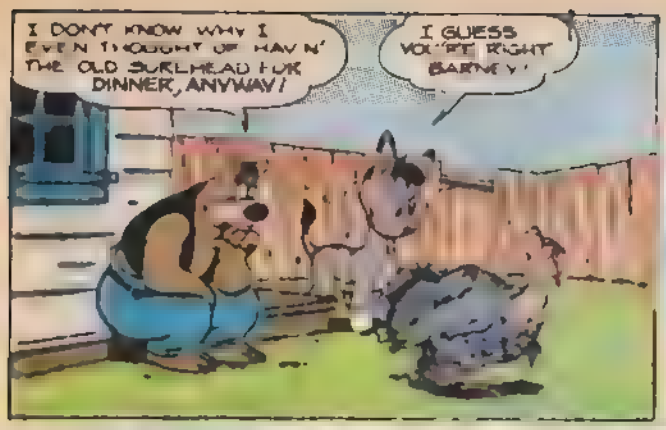

IF YOU LET HIM IN HERE AGAIN

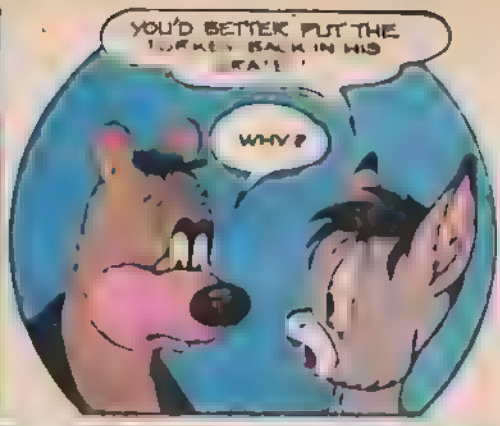
...I'LL HAVE TWO TURKEYS FOR THANKSGIVING, INSTEAD OF ONE!

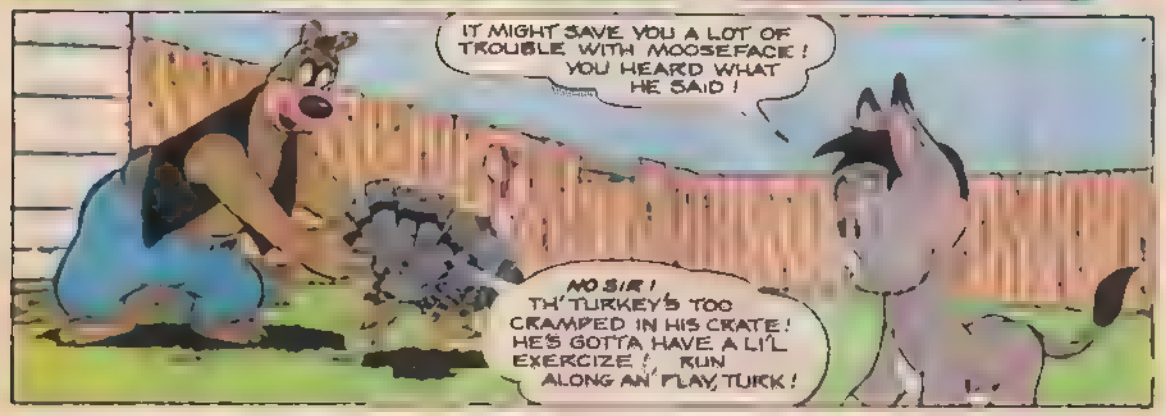
YOU WOULDN'T DARE EAT MY TURKEY!
I WOULDN'T WOULDN'T I?

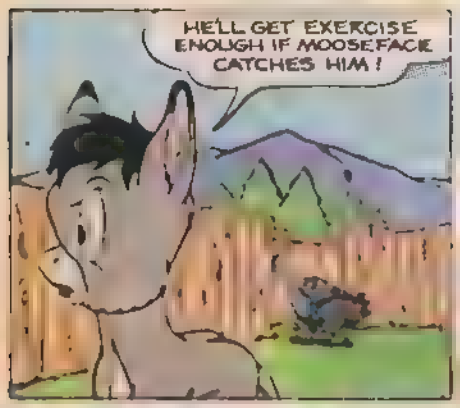

JUST LET ME CATCH HIM ON MY PROPERTY... AND YOU'LL SEE WHETHER I WOULDN'T... OR WOULD!


SEE? HE'S JUST AN OLD CRAB! I CAN'T BE FRIENDS WITH HIM!


I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN THOUGHT OF HAVIN' THE OLD SURLHEAD FOR DINNER, ANYWAY!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT BARNEY!

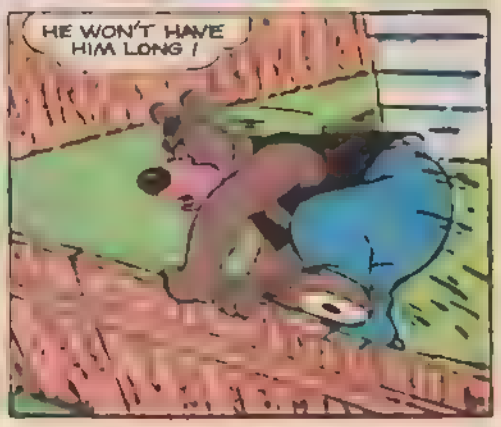

YOU'D BETTER PUT THE TURKEY BACK IN HIS CRATE!
WHY?


IT MIGHT SAVE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH MOOSEFACE! YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID!
NO SIR! TH' TURKEY'S TOO CRAMPED IN HIS CRATE! HE'S GOTTA HAVE A LI'L EXERCIZE! RUN ALONG AN' PLAY, TUCK!

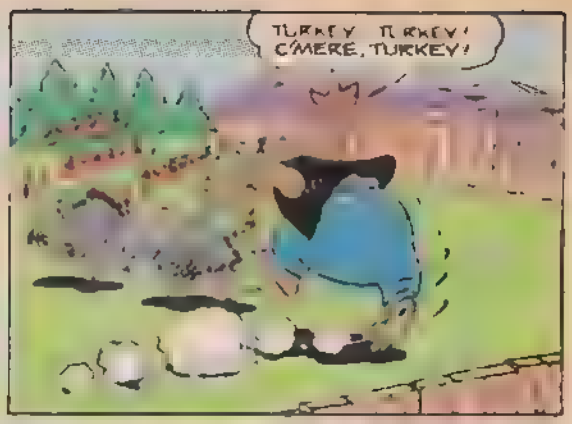

HE'LL GET EXERCISE ENOUGH IF MOOSEFACE CATCHES HIM!

HE LETS HIS TURKEY RUN AROUND! C'MON AND LOOK!

GOSH! HE'S GOT TWO TURKEYS!
HE SURE HAS! AND ONE OF 'EM IS YOURS!

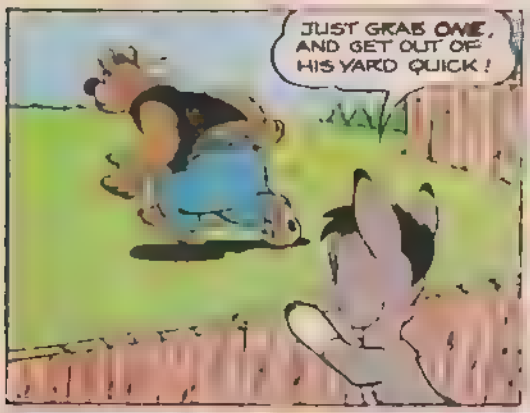

HE WON'T HAVE HIM LONG!

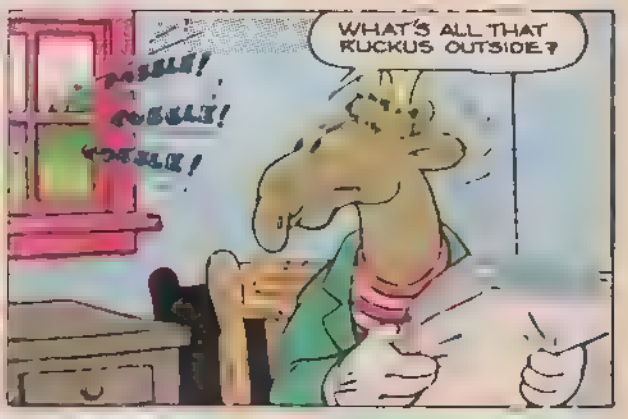
YOU'D BETTER HUSTLE BEFORE MOOSEFACE SEES HIM ..OR YOU!
I'LL GET HIM!

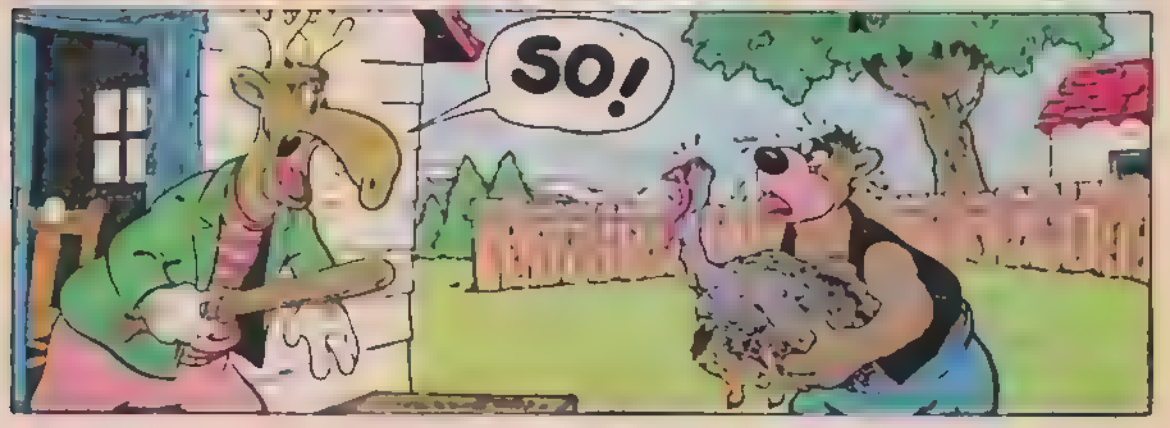

TURKEY TURKEY! C'MERE, TURKEY!

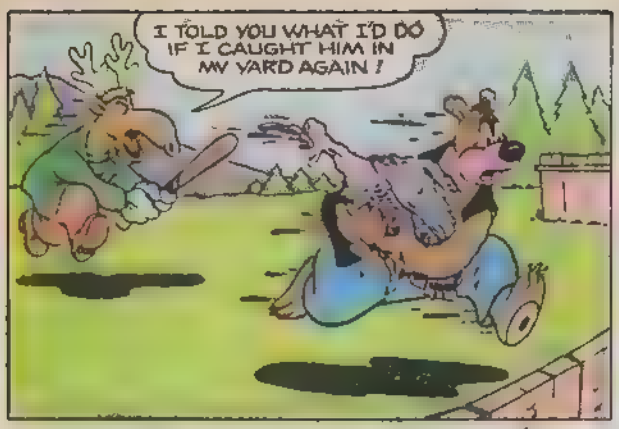
THIS IS AWFUL BENNY!
WHAT'S AWFUL?

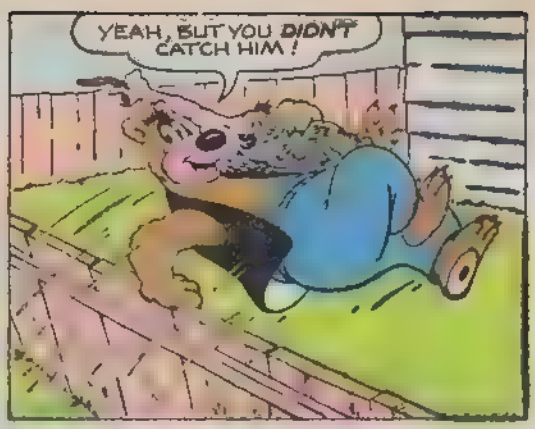
I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS MINE, AND WHICH IS MOOSEFACE'S!
GOBBLE!
GOBBLE!
GOBBLE!

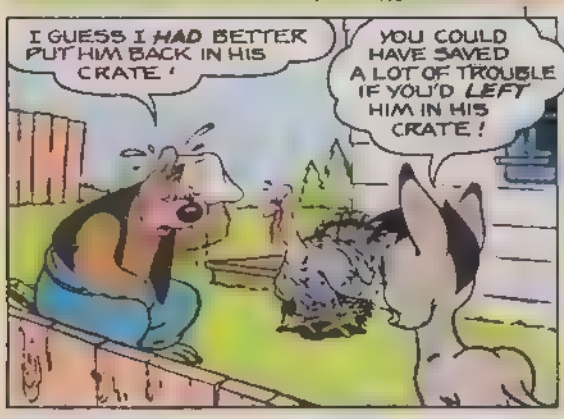

JUST GRAB ONE, AND GET OUT OF HIS YARD QUICK!

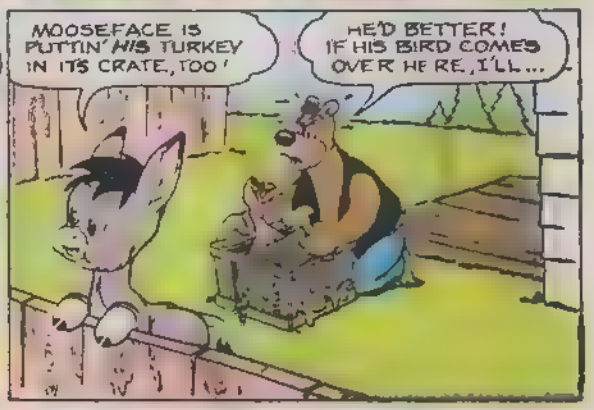

WHAT'S ALL THAT RUCKUS OUTSIDE?

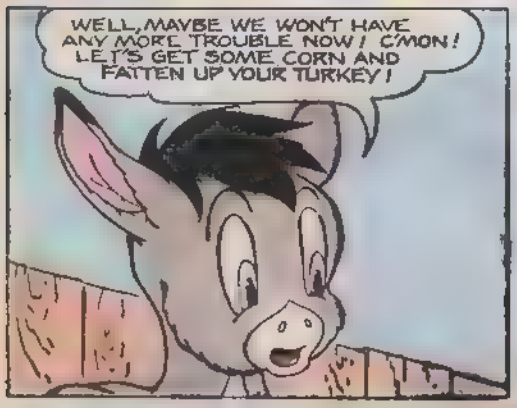

SO!


I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO IF I CAUGHT HIM IN MY YARD AGAIN!

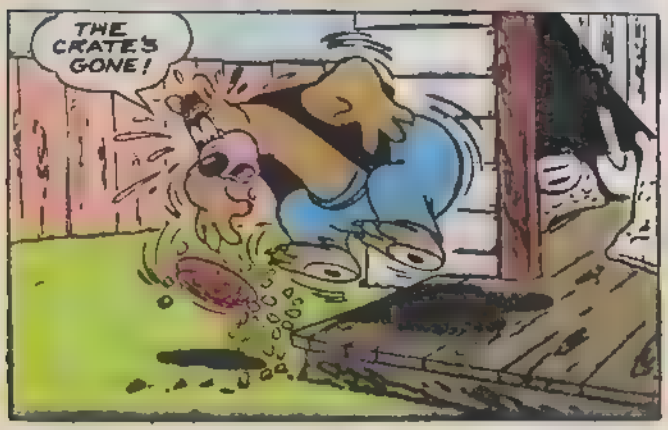

YEAH, BUT YOU DIDN'T CATCH HIM!

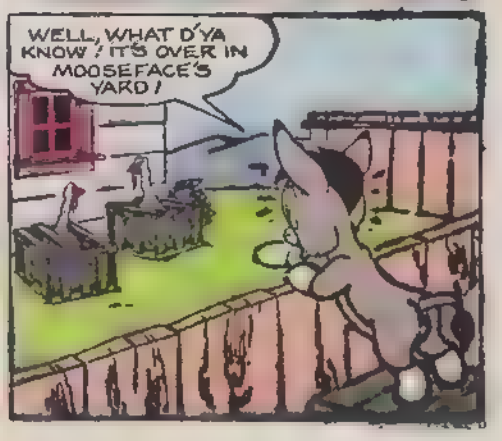

I GUESS I HAD BETTER PUT HIM BACK IN HIS CRATE!
YOU COULD HAVE SAVED A LOT OF TROUBLE IF YOU'D LEFT HIM IN HIS CRATE!

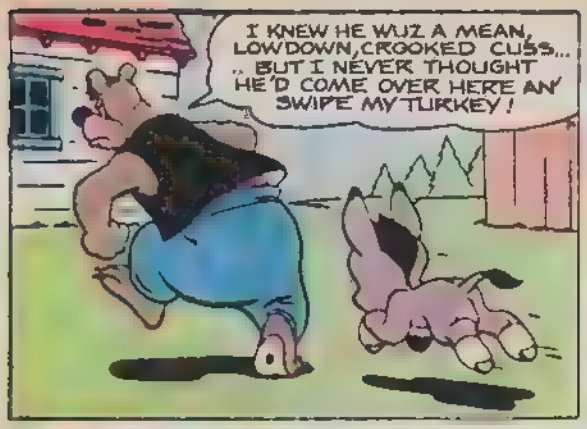

MOOSEFACE IS PUTTIN' HIS TURKEY IN ITS CRATE, TOO!
HE'D BETTER! IF HIS BIRD COMES OVER HERE, I'LL...

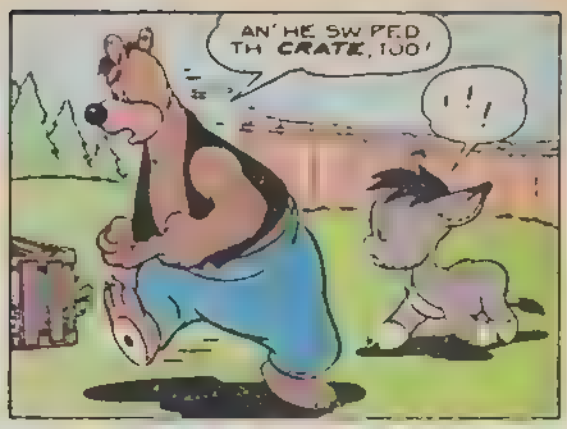

WELL, MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE NOW! C'MON! LET'S GET SOME CORN AND FATTEN UP YOUR TURKEY!

BOY! I CAN TASTE THOSE DRUMSTICKS ALREADY! AN' THOSE MASHED POTATOES... CRANBERRIES... AN' PUNKIN PIE!
CORN


THE CRATE'S GONE!

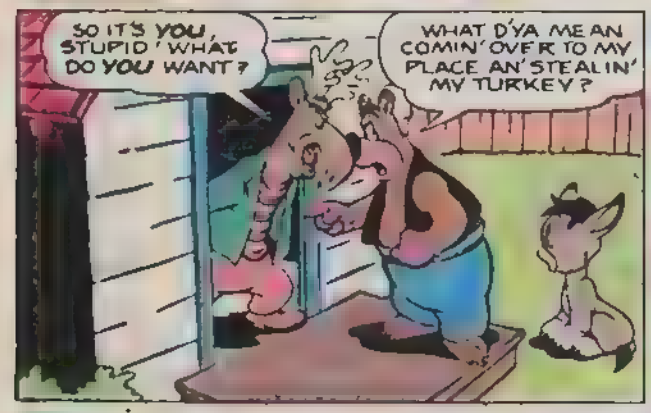

WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW! IT'S OVER IN MOOSEFACE'S YARD!

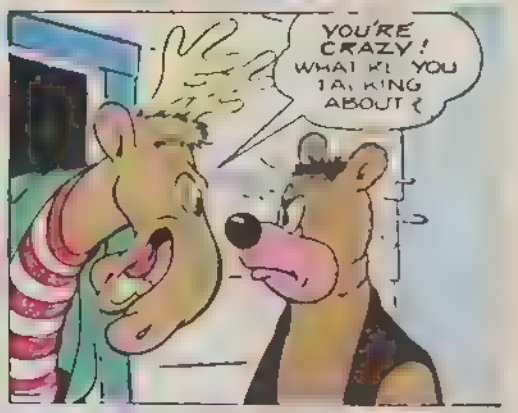

I KNEW HE WUZ A MEAN, LOWDOWN, CROOKED CUSS... .. BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D COME OVER HERE AN' SWIPE MY TURKEY!

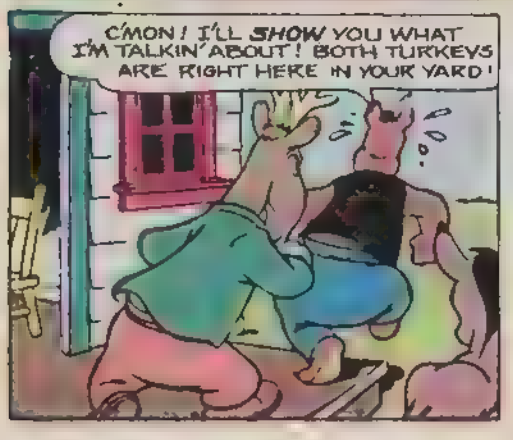

AN' HE SWIPED TH CRATE, TOO!
!!!

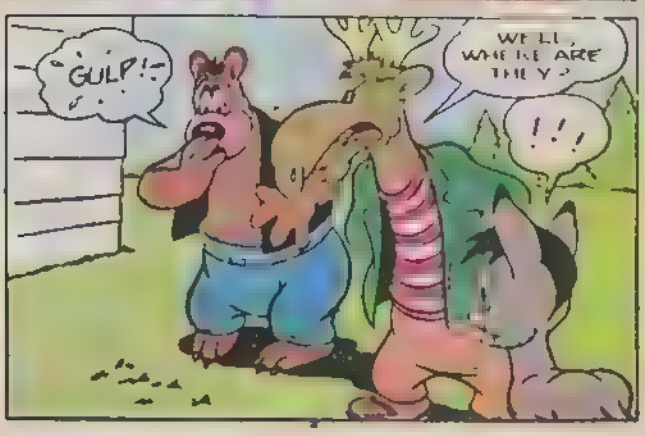
THIS TIME HE'S GONE TOO FAR!

NOW WHO'S THAT?


SO IT'S YOU, STUPID! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHAT D'YA MEAN COMIN' OVER TO MY PLACE AN' STEALIN' MY TURKEY?

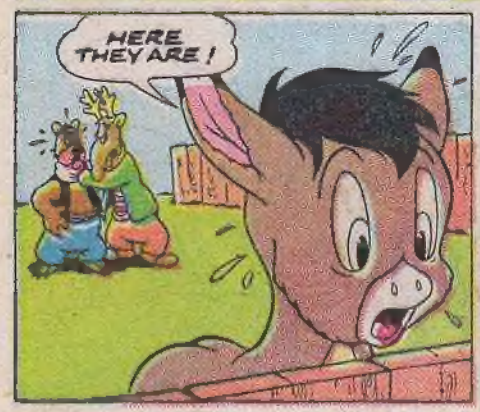

YOU'RE CRAZY! WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


C'MON! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT! BOTH TURKEYS ARE RIGHT HERE IN YOUR YARD!

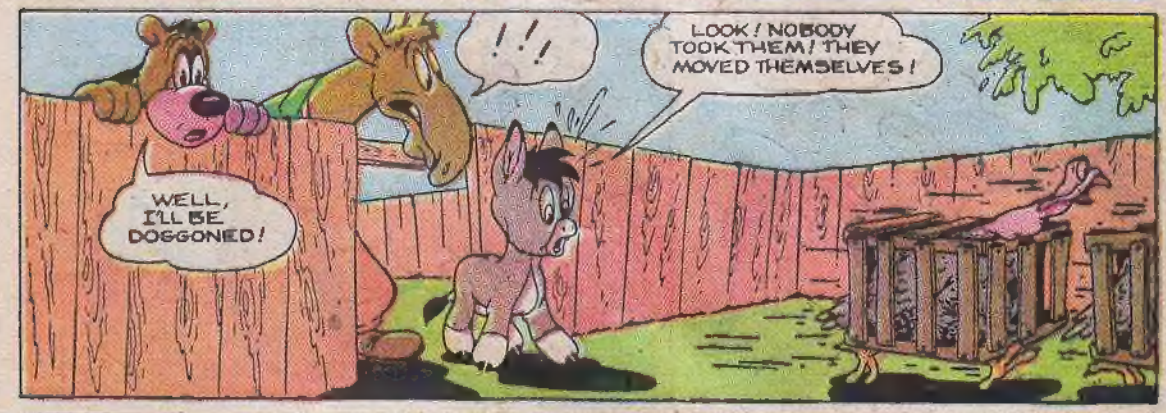

GULP!
WELL, WHERE ARE THEY?
!!!

AN' SPEAKIN' OF TURKEYS, WHERE'S MINE?
GOSH! THEY WUZ BOTH HERE A MINUTE AGO!

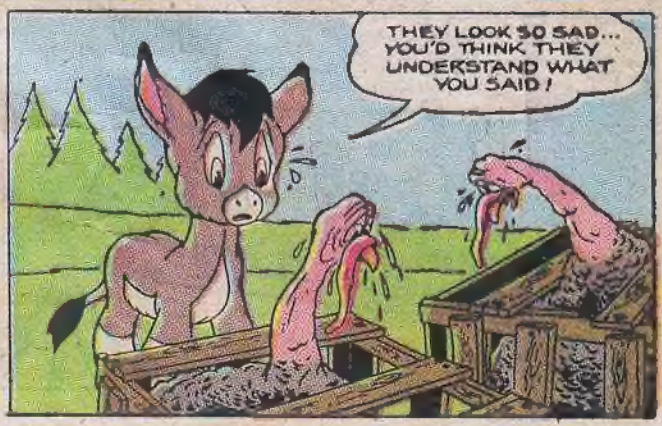
WELL, THEY AIN'T HERE NOW! AND YOU'D BETTER FIND MINE, OR...

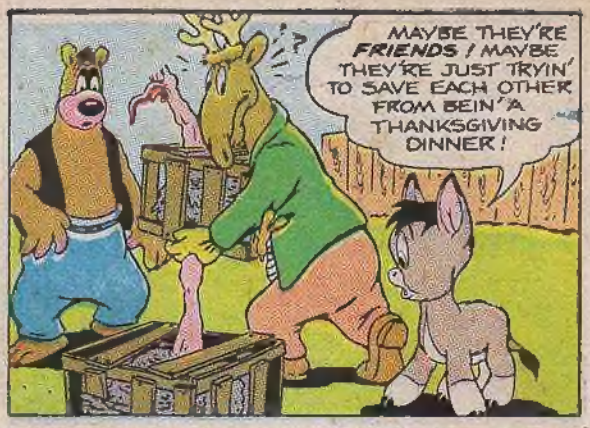

HERE THEY ARE!

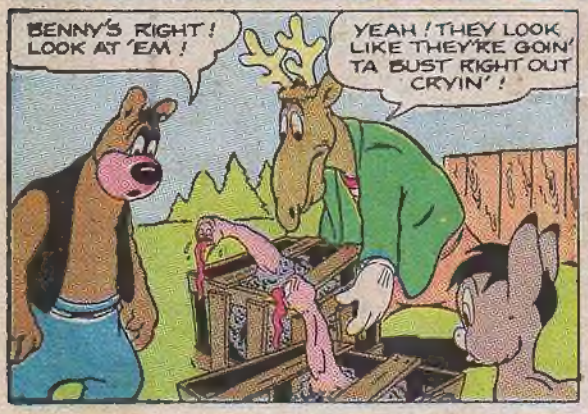
SO! YOU'VE GOT 'EM! AN' YOU ACCUSED ME OF TAKIN' 'EM! WHY, I'LL...


WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!
!!!
LOOK! NOBODY TOOK THEM! THEY MOVED THEMSELVES!

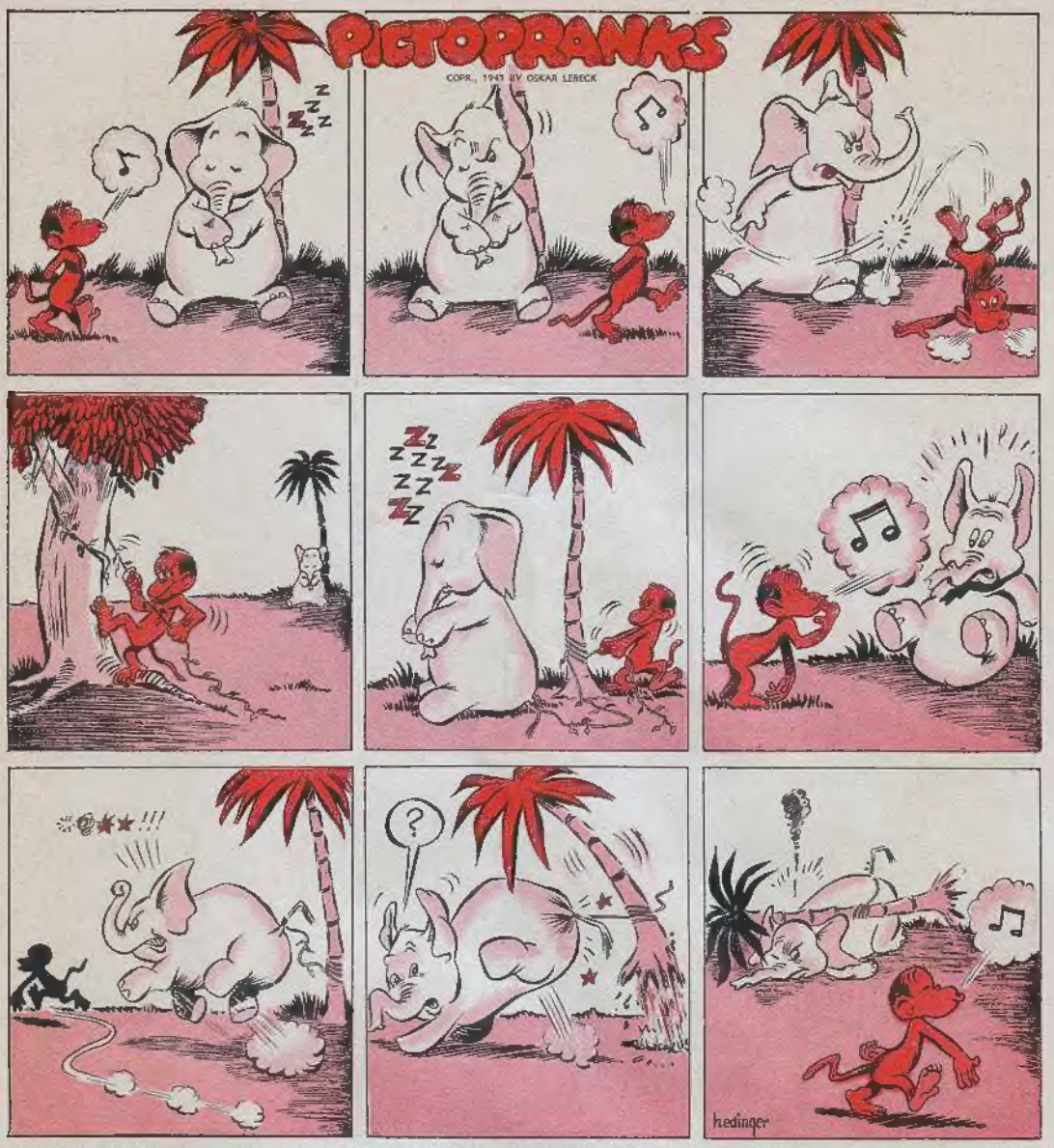
I'LL STOP MINE FROM MOVIN' RIGHT NOW... ...WITH A HATCHET!


THEY LOOK SO SAD... YOU'D THINK THEY UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SAID!





BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures



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